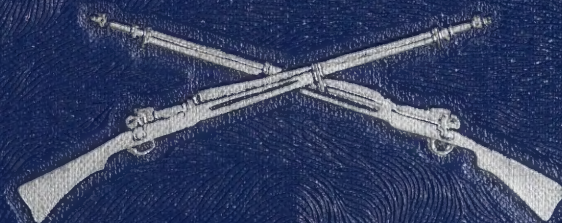


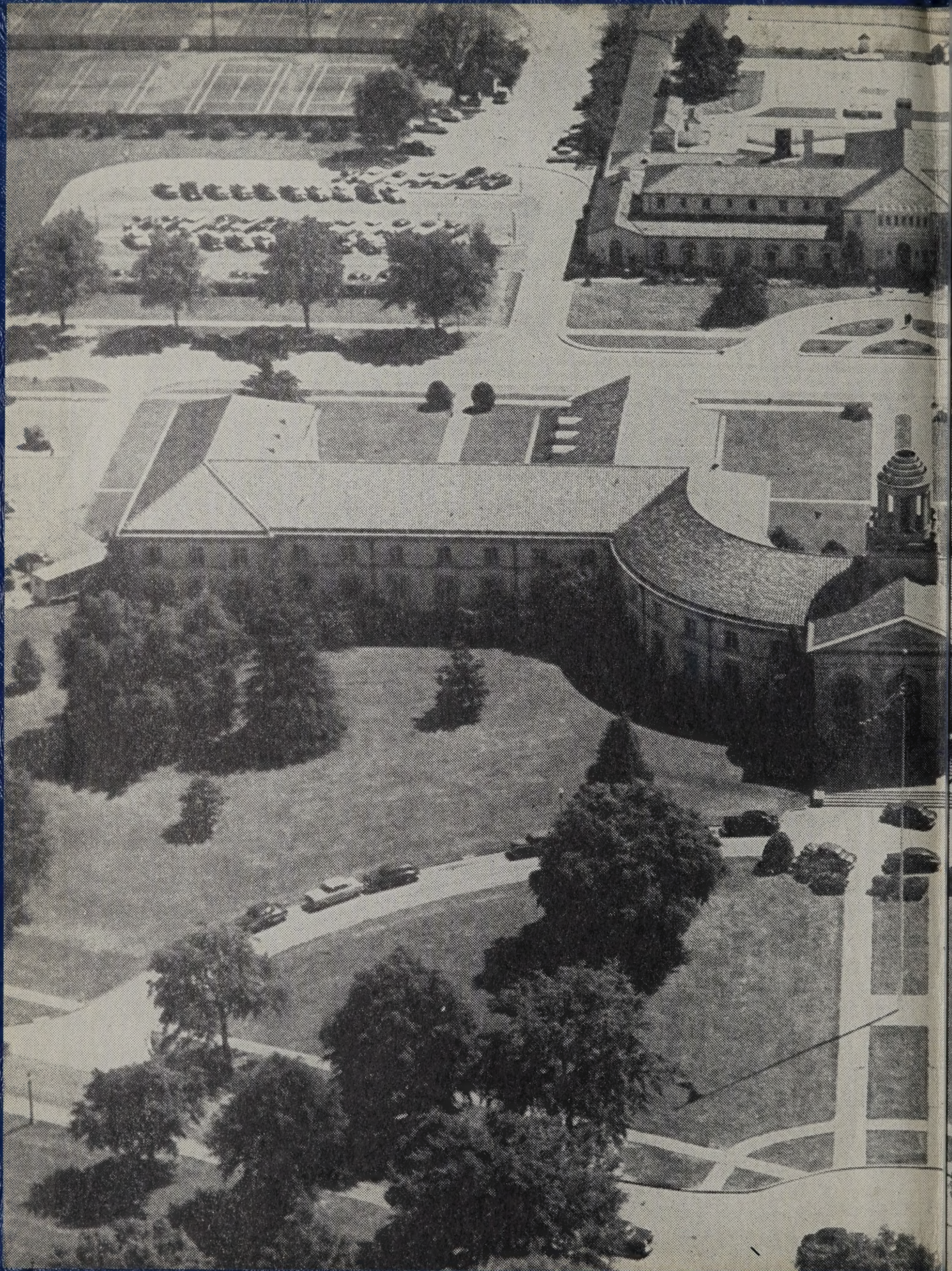


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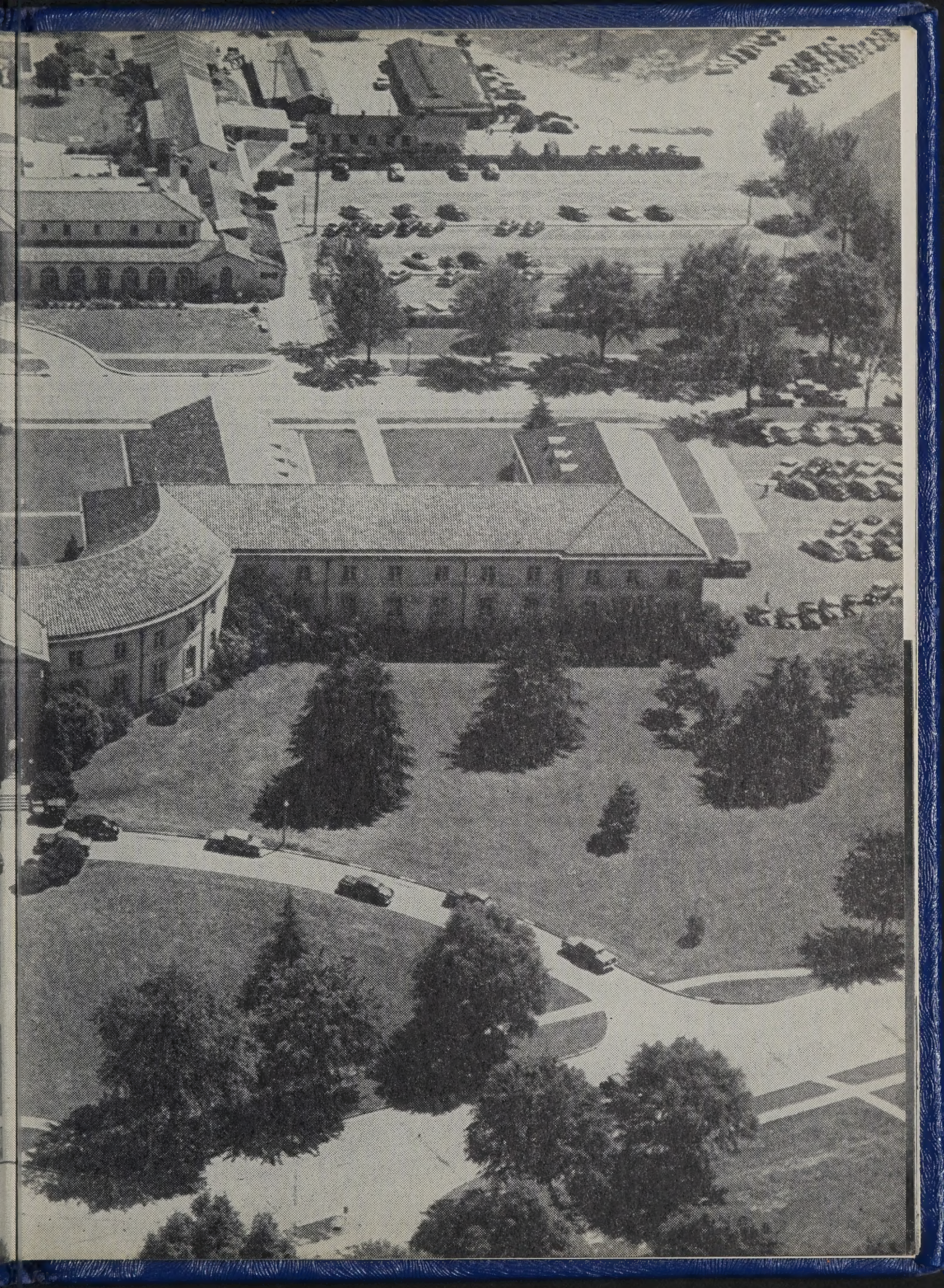


FORT BENNING, GEORGIA











Ed Osmer





**19th**  
**Officer Candidate Company**  
**Class No. 69**  
**Infantry Officer Candidate School**  
**Fort Benning, Georgia**







MAJ. GEN. GUY S. MELOY JR.  
The Commanding General  
The Infantry Center  
Commandant The Infantry School



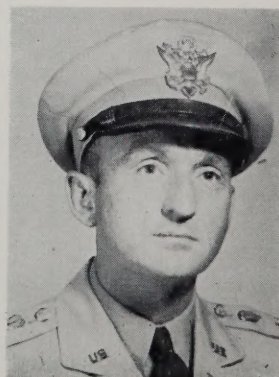
BRIG. GEN. CARL F. FRITZSCHE  
Assistant Commandant  
The Infantry School



COL. MAX H. GOOLER  
Commanding Officer  
The School Brigade



COL. HARRY M. GRIZZARD  
Commanding Officer  
1st O. C. Regiment



LT. COL. MORRIS J. NAUDTS  
Commanding Officer  
3rd O. C. Battalion



# THE OLD MAN

An officer's handbook states "the commanding officer of a unit is often referred to as the 'old man'." This term is as old as the Army and is used to denote the senior officer's wisdom and experience. This was the case in the 19th Officer Candidate Company. We are proud of our "Old Man."



1ST LT. JOHN S. CULPEPPER

Commanding Officer  
P. O. Box 3  
Monticello, Georgia  
c/o C. Lawrence

I take great pleasure, gentlemen, in welcoming you to the Officer Corps of the United States Army.

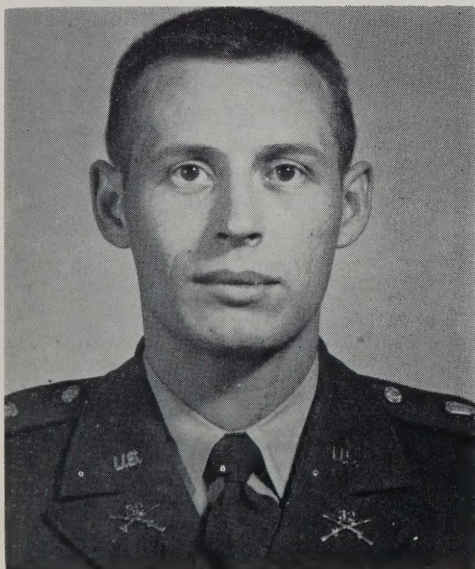
All of you have demonstrated a sincere desire to further exhibit your natural deep sense of loyalty by successfully completing Officer Candidate School. This achievement definitely demonstrates your ability to perform, in a superior manner, the job of combat Infantry Platoon Leader or any other job which may be assigned you in the Army.

There have been instances, I'm sure, when all of you have thought that your recent training was a bit difficult. If you have not already realized it, the training was so designed to be difficult in order to develop and cultivate your abilities. Your utmost ability is necessary to justify your existence as a leader of men.

I impress upon you, that as a leader in the Army you must always work for your men and they will work for you.

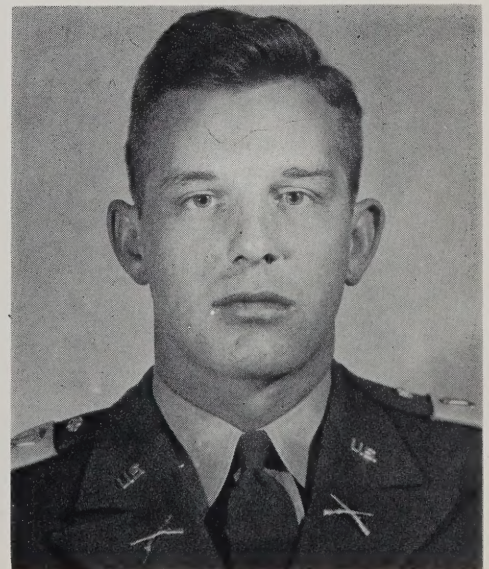
Best of Luck to each of you.

JOHN S. CULPEPPER, JR.  
1st Lt., Infantry  
Commanding



1ST LT. RICHARD J. WOMACK

Administrative Officer and  
Tactical Officer  
1344 Vallejo Way  
Sacramento, California



2ND LT. MARLIN G. KACHEL

Senior Tactical Officer  
Marbrook  
R. D. 1  
Reading Pennsylvania



# The Tactical Officers

2ND LT. GEORGE A. HENRICKSON

1723 Kamamalu Avenue  
Honolulu, T. H.

2ND LT. CONWAY A. LEWIS

Box 775  
Santa Barbara, California

2ND LT. JAMES R. GARDNER

318 So. Richardson Avenue  
Columbus, Ohio

2ND LT. THOMAS J. HENNESY III

c/o Radio Station WJBF  
Augusta, Georgia

2ND LT. HAMILTON G. KENNER

139 Main Street  
Bingham, Utah

2ND LT. HUBERT F. STARCHER

Claremont, California



THE  
PRESIDENT  
OF  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



To all who shall see these presents, greeting:  
Know Ye that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism,  
valor, fidelity and ability of \_\_\_\_\_  
I do appoint him \_\_\_\_\_ in the

**Army of the United States**

such appointment to date from the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_,  
nineteen hundred and \_\_\_\_\_. He is therefore carefully and diligently  
to discharge the duty of the office to which he is appointed by doing and  
performing all manner of things thereunto belonging.

He will enter upon active duty under this commission only when  
specifically ordered to such active duty by competent authority.

And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under  
his command when he shall be employed by active duty, to be obedient  
to his orders as an officer of his grade and position. And he is to  
observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he  
shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America,  
or the General or other Superior Officer's set out him, according to  
the rules and discipline of War.

This Commission evidences an appointment in the Army of the United States,  
under the provisions of section 37, National Defense Act, as amended, and is  
to continue in force for a period of four years from the date above specified,  
and during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time  
being.

Done at the City of Washington, this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_,  
in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and \_\_\_\_\_, and  
of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and \_\_\_\_\_.

By the President:



Edward W. White  
Major General  
The Adjutant General



**I will find a way—or make one.**

**—Hannibal**



A black silhouette of a man in a military uniform, standing with his hands on his hips. The silhouette is centered on a light gray background. The man is wearing a helmet, a jacket, and trousers. The text "This book is dedicated to—" is printed across the upper back of the silhouette.

**This book is dedicated to—**

**T**

**H**

**E**

**45th**

**M**

**A**

**N**

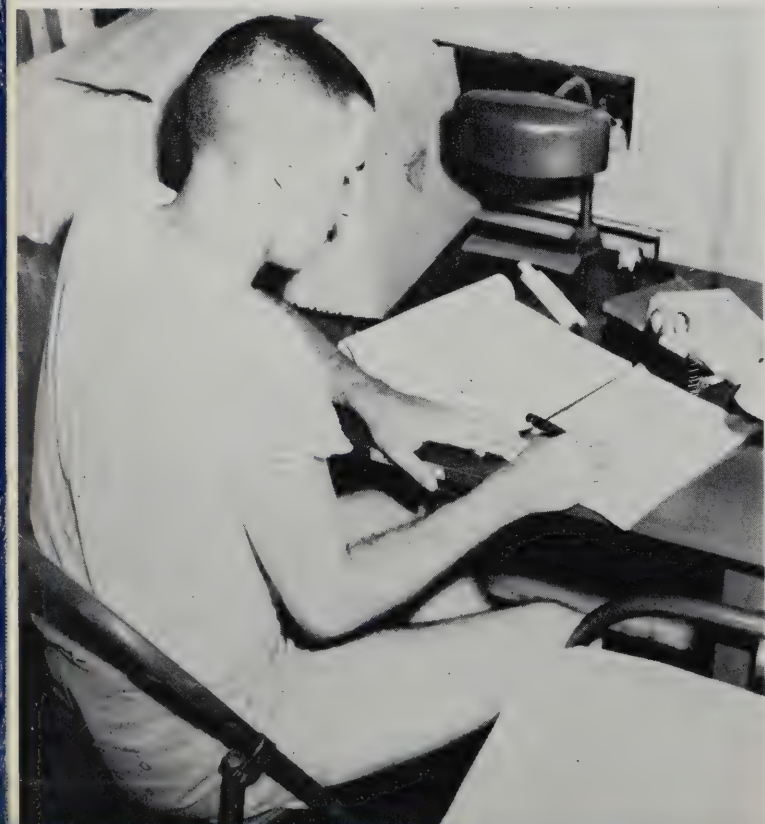


**He is a man—**

**developed through rigorous  
physical training . . .**



**. . . intensive mental  
application . . .**





... exacting military  
discipline ...



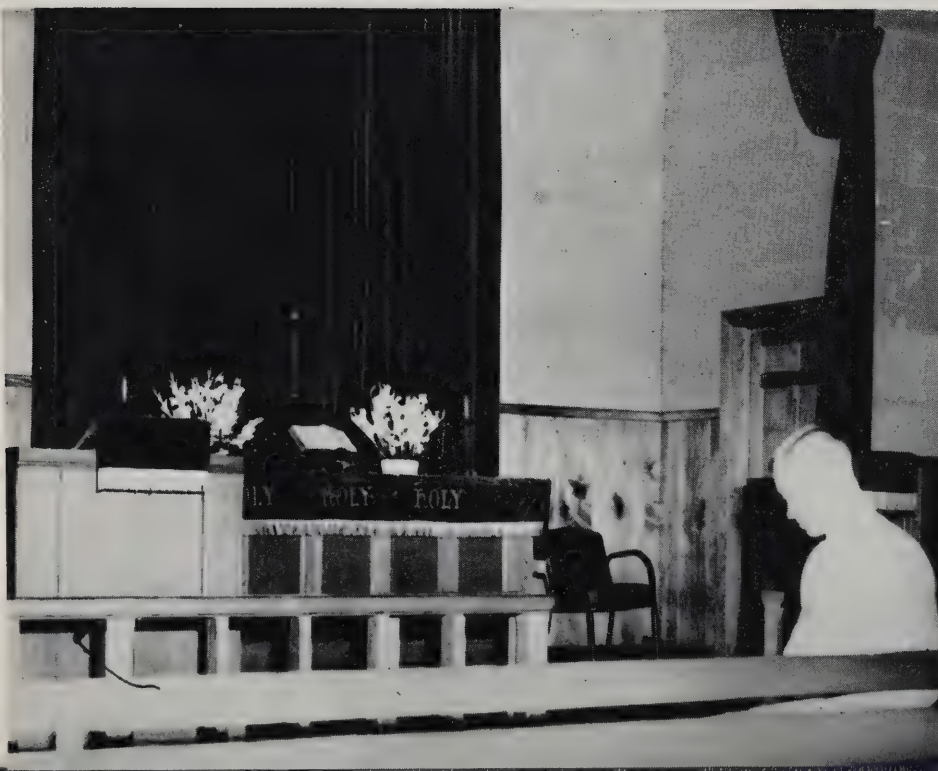
... group cooperation ...



... social good will ...



... and firm moral  
courage.





It is the 45th man who must lead the other 44. It is he who must train them, employ them, minister to them. The 45th man is the United States Army's most valued weapon. He is the  
**COMBAT INFANTRY PLATOON LEADER**



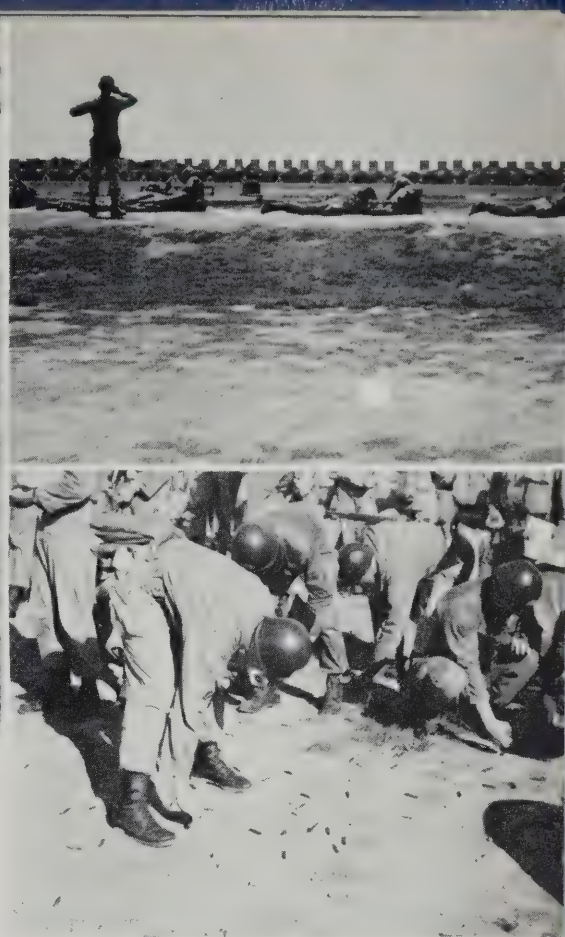




PROTRACTOR, RADII, DEGREES  
SCALE 1/2 INCH

**ACADEMICS**





## THE COURSE

Those first few weeks . . . do you remember? . . . Where were we? Who were we? . . . "Sir, our first period of instruction will be found in Paragraph 29 of Field Manual 22-5" . . . How many ways can you dismiss a company? . . . "No, you don't form for shelter halves from a column of two's." . . . Are you sure, Candidate?" . . . At this stage of the game, Sir, I'm not sure of anything.

ON GUARD! . . . you're mean, vicious . . . snarl, candidates! . . . Long thrust and hold . . . hold . . . hold . . . hold . . . hold . . . you're not tired, Candidate, keep it up there!

Point the shadows toward that green belt buckle . . . Here's North, here's the Upatoi, here's Chad's—but where the hell are we? . . . Lt. Irons, sir, don't we use thrust lines in No. 3 of Army Drill #1?

The classes were interesting—but then—OPEN PERIOD!!!

"What's this on your canteen, Candidate?"

"Rust, Sir."

"What's this on—"

"Rust, Sir."

"What—"

"Rust, Sir."

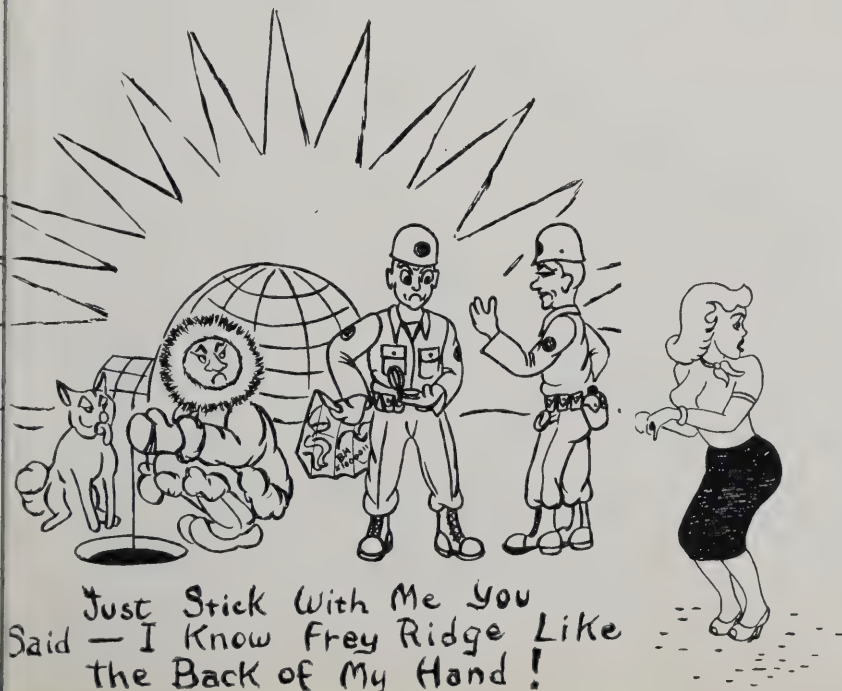
"When—"

"Last night, Sir."

"Wh—"

"No excuse, Sir."

Two and ten for harassing inspecting officer!







Then it was back to work with the small arms committee . . . "up and down range, candidate!" . . . Pick it all up or you'll be back tonight . . ." And the most heinous of crimes—YOU FLINCHED! . . . M-1, AR, CARBINE, PISTOL . . . JUST LIKE THE MOVING DUCKS at Coney Island, but take a look down the line . . . no one is laughing.

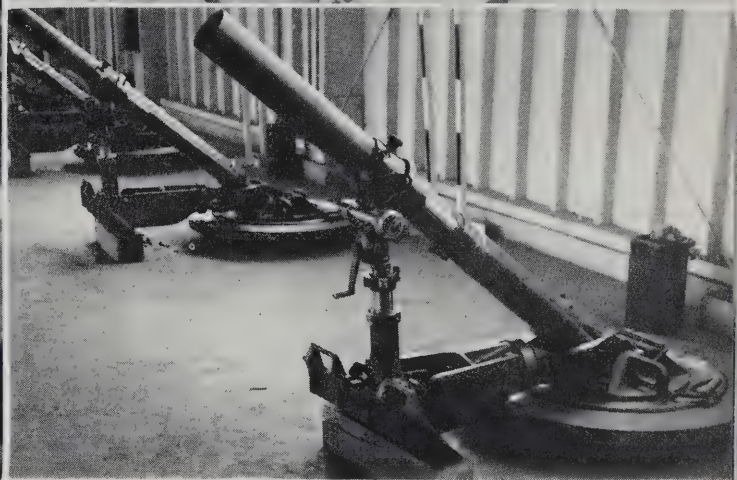
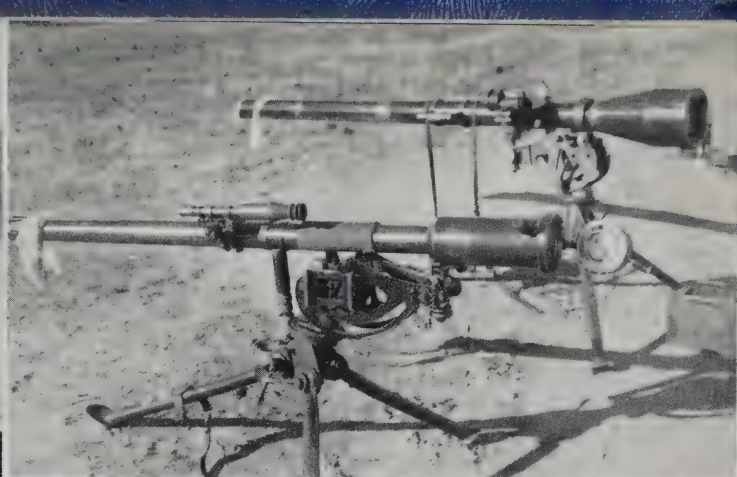
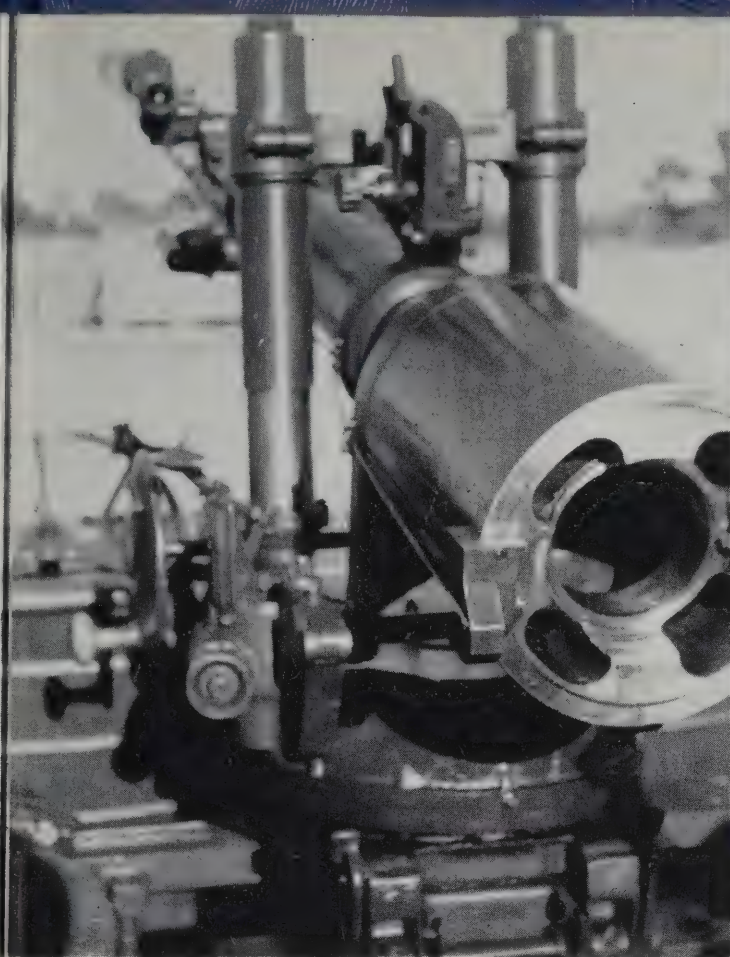
Then came "nice to know" week: grenades: let it cook for two seconds and then throw—if you play catch with it somebody's going to lose . . . that inerga grenade is only a booby-trapped corkscrew.

Rocket launcher, flame thrower, snooper-scope . . . all topped off by that magnificent "mad minute." Sure, it's only a demonstration, but would you walk through that? No wonder we get ten laundrymen for every G. I. we lose. That final touch . . . ? ? ? ? flame fougasse! How many miles could I drive my Chev on the stuff that went up in that big WHOOSH!

The machine gun committee . . . we stood in open-mouthed wonder at music-filled, 15-minute breaks. We did get tired of hearing about that damned pawn shop in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. . . .





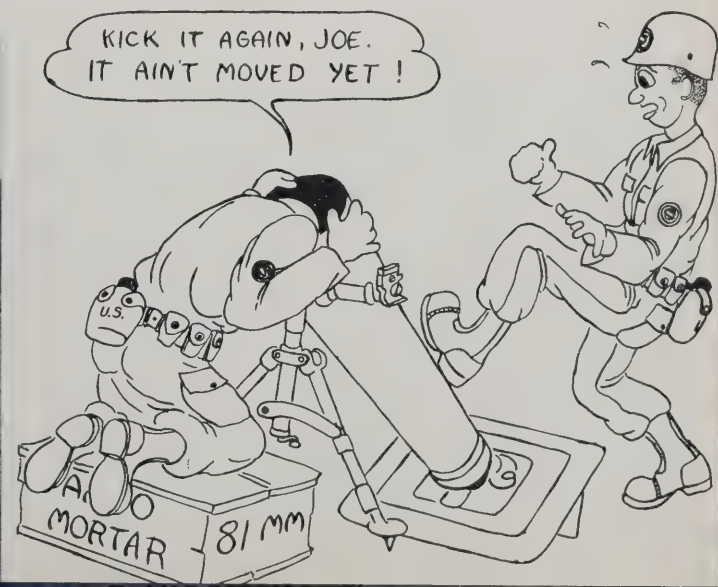


Not that the machine gun is complicated . . . Spare parts correct . . . ammo correct . . . gun correct . . . wait! . . . headspace? Tighten it up. And back off . . . that's enough . . . if the no go won't go, but the go goes, okay. If the no go goes, or the go **won't** go, nokay.

Thta all-inclusive range card . . . the deadly FPL. We all recall how effective those "grazing, interlocking bands of fire" can be.

"This crew drill isn't to run you men around, it is only so you'll know how to instruct your men." Recoilless rifles were here! With this suave introduction, we entered the world of the battalion commander's artillery. Aside from the deafening roar, an all-exposing back-blast, we enjoyed these cosmic pea-shooters. Who would think that a jeep-mounted weapon could possess such accuracy, range, mobility, and killing power as that 105? There was one "bug" that gave us pause: that lethargic, pack-dragging ammo bearer . . . an example of one of my 44 men.

All agree that the mortar committee was one of the best. Where else in military captivity can you find such a glittering array of performers as Lts. "Good Deal" Fabianich, "Melon Man" Renner, and "Slim" Haley? Random notes and reminiscences . . . level your bubbles . . . always emplace







tube in the shade . . . don't forget your steel, it's great for burning the extra increments . . . contrary to information from some sources, misfires do **not** swell before exploding.

Next we considered underground warfare . . . land mines. "Remember, men, the M-14 won't kill a man, but he'll sure have to stop and change his boots." We had to admire the patriotic Chinese of World War II who would hold anti-tank mines to their chests and hurl themselves into Japanese tanks. And don't forget those godless atrocity-committing Huns will booby-trap the best souvenirs and wine cellars. Didn't they ever hear of the Geneva convention?

Then we hit the staff department, or vice-versa. Those 8-hour days in the classroom were wonderful for a change . . . but how to stay awake? "No doze" helps . . . so do U **OR's** and demerits. In spite of all, though, there was many a bobbing head and glazed, heavy headed stare to be penetrated by the valiant efforts of our instructors. "No candidate, they don't make up four copies of form 446 because they expect to lose three during the ensuing red tape."

Who's confused by the battalion and regimental trains system? All you need are hard standing, overhead cover, and a man who can count the ration breakdown.

Did signal communications confuse you? Well the "angry 7" **might** be any six tac officers and one irate C.O., but not necessarily. Telephone jargon bothered some. Instead of "John, this is Marsha" . . . one must put up with:

"Rosebud, this is Rosebud One. Over."

"Rosebud One, this is Rosebud. Over."

"Authentication for Nan Easy is King. What is authentication for Nan Queen? Over."

"Rosebud One, this is Rosebud. Authentication for Nan Queen is Oboe. Over."

"Rosebud, this is Rosebud One. Identity and authenticity established. Out."

Soon we were into combat intelligence, defensive tactics and the five-paragraph field order. We had been issued many little yellow cards during the course, but this was a special one. Every day, in every way, we had field problems and orders. Pretty good feeling when the **next** guy was called on to be platoon leader. How can a platoon leader in combat co-ordinate with all those people, recon all that area, give the orders and supervise in such a short time? Our respect for the gold bar was growing all the time.

Offensive tactics came . . . the meat of the course, the guts of combat. "You are Captain Black-Blast, or Lt. Baseplate . . . think, candidate . . . you and the enemy, eyeball to eyeball" . . .

A platoon of tanks, a battery of 105's, a section of 4.2's, a section of 81's, 105's, 75's, your own 60's and 57's devastating that enemy hill. It's sure going to be a good feeling to have all that supporting fire in combat, but somewhere in the subconscious lurks the suspicion that the enemy can throw just as much back . . . will I be worthy in combat?







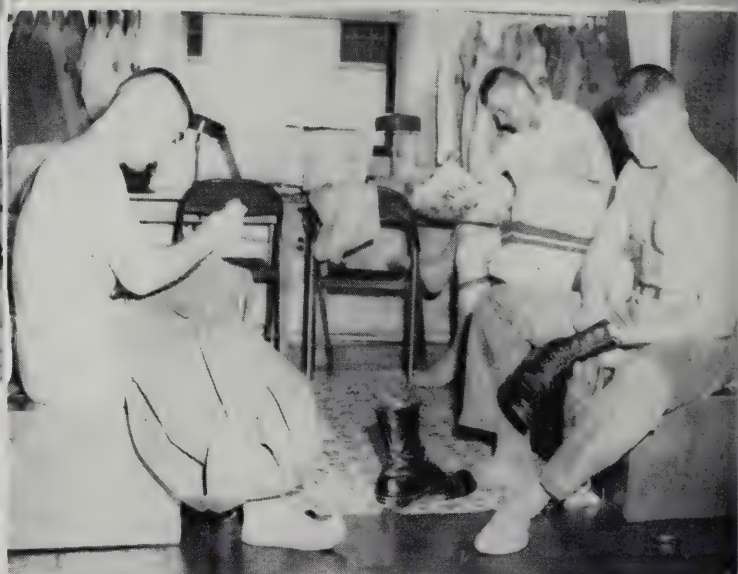
We finished up with several courses distinguished by their excellent instructors: Lt.'s Kissel and Fitzenmeyer just oozing cosmopolitan "Suave de faire", and Lt. Martin with his four-stroke, generally bewildering automobiles. And an especially warm parting hand-shake to Major Berger, who, although making it clear from the beginning that we were not to be examined, proceeded to make Chemical, Biological, and Radiological warfare, with all its evil and violent implications, mean a lot to us. His dry wit made us stay awake, for fear of missing a good pun. By being awake, we inadvertently learned.

Candidates . . . here we are . . . lieutenants. These twenty-four weeks have been more vital, more arduous, more frustrating, and yet ultimately more satisfying than any other equal period in our lives. Let's take away with us not only military know-how, but the critical values of all living, like cooperation, dependability, and most important, the desire to do more and learn more. We know, now, that OCS is more than a means toward an end. Weigh and evaluate for yourself . . . each will think of different things . . . but do it. You will find that many of the tenets and principles the school has stressed to save lives in combat, will also make you more worthwhile in the waging of life.

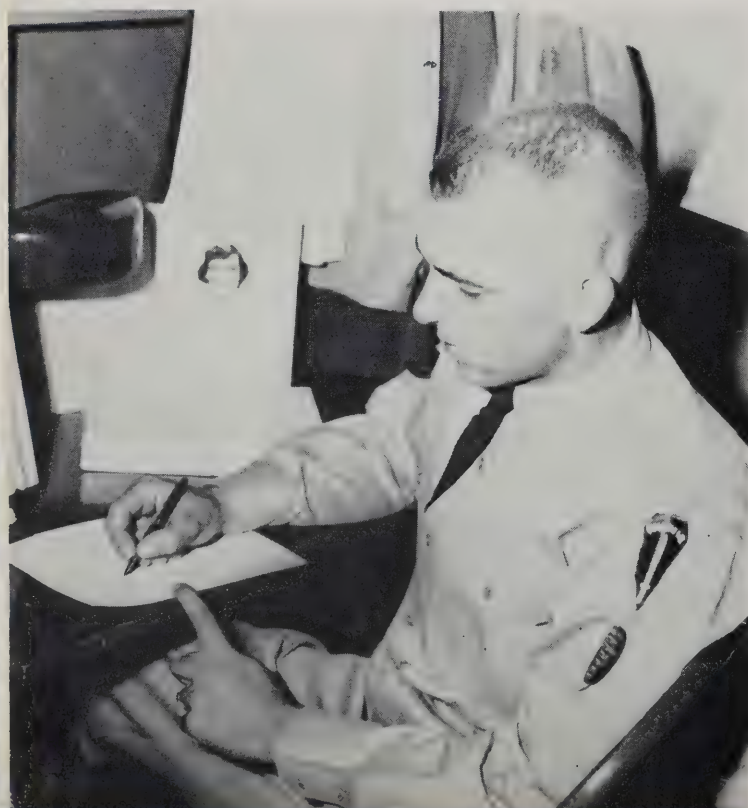
—ALAN C. DAVIS







## We'll Never Forget . . .



None of the academic departments at the Infantry School teach a course in Coordination with Laundry and Barber Shop or How to Steal Time for a Letter Home. Yet in twenty-four weeks these, and many other non-academic activities, were to play an important part in the life of the potential 2nd Lt.

**Pullups.** Through the bars on your way to chow. Did you ever figure out how many pull-ups you did during the cycle? **The Buses.** From eight vehicles to three, we loaded on in an orderly, supervised confusion. **Sundays.** Details, working on personal equipment and a quick glance at the Sunday paper usually consumed the day of rest for 19th OC. **The Letter Home.** No one outside of the OC regiment could possibly imagine how much a letter could mean. Finding even a few moments to write home became a prime consideration. **Dudley** wasn't just a mail clerk for the men of the 19th Company. He was a philosopher, comic and a sounding board for all gripes.

**Laundry** was a big problem for every candidate. It seemed that every time you were nicely situated with six clean sets of two-piece fatigues the uniform would be coveralls. Every six days was just about right between trips to the **Barber Shop** but a day more and you were pushing your luck. The **Post Exchange** provided us with the many items necessary for our daily needs; cigarettes, shaving cream, Brasso and Simonize. We occasionally supplemented our issued diet with a cheeseburger and malt at the Soda Fountain.

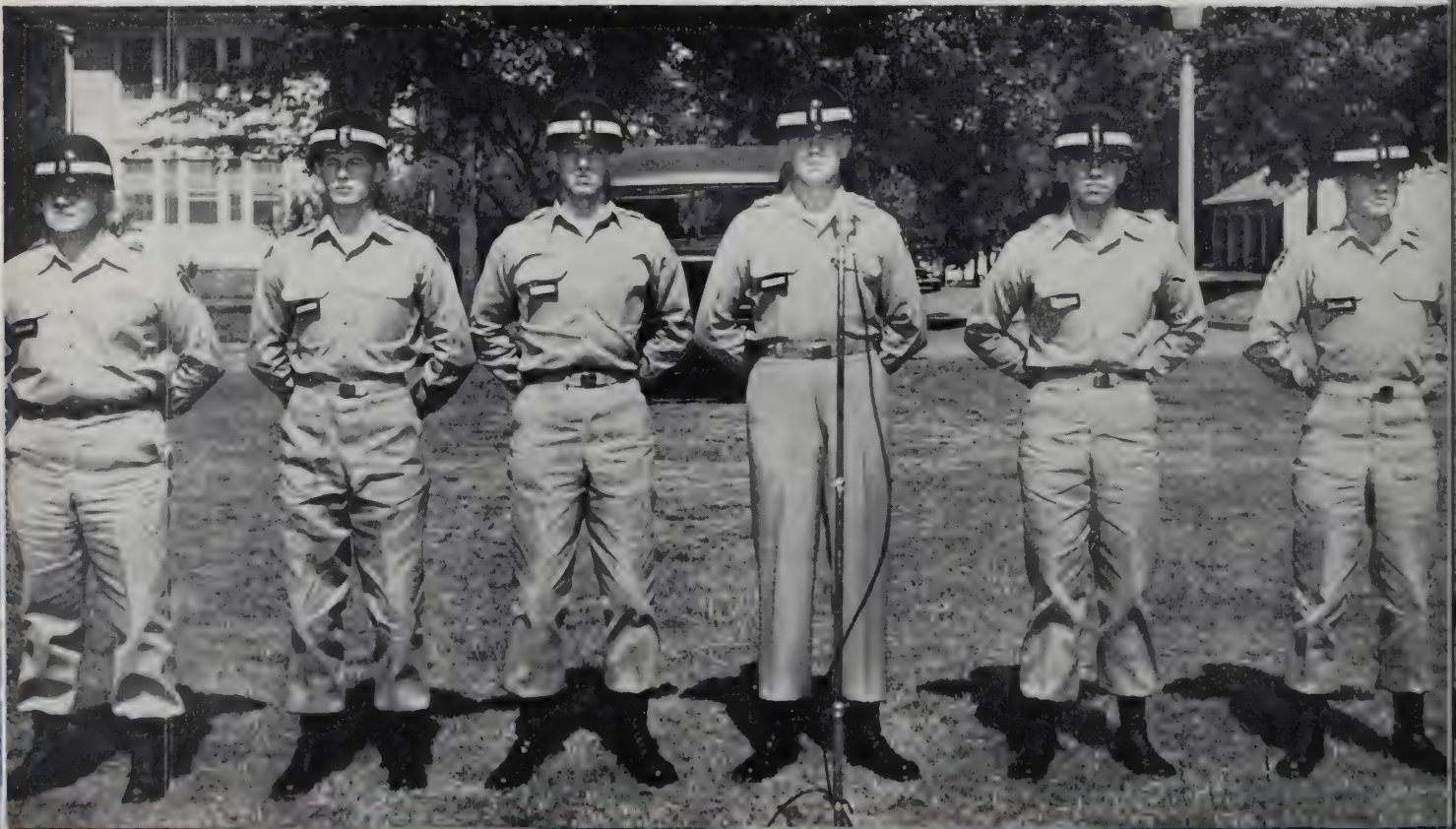
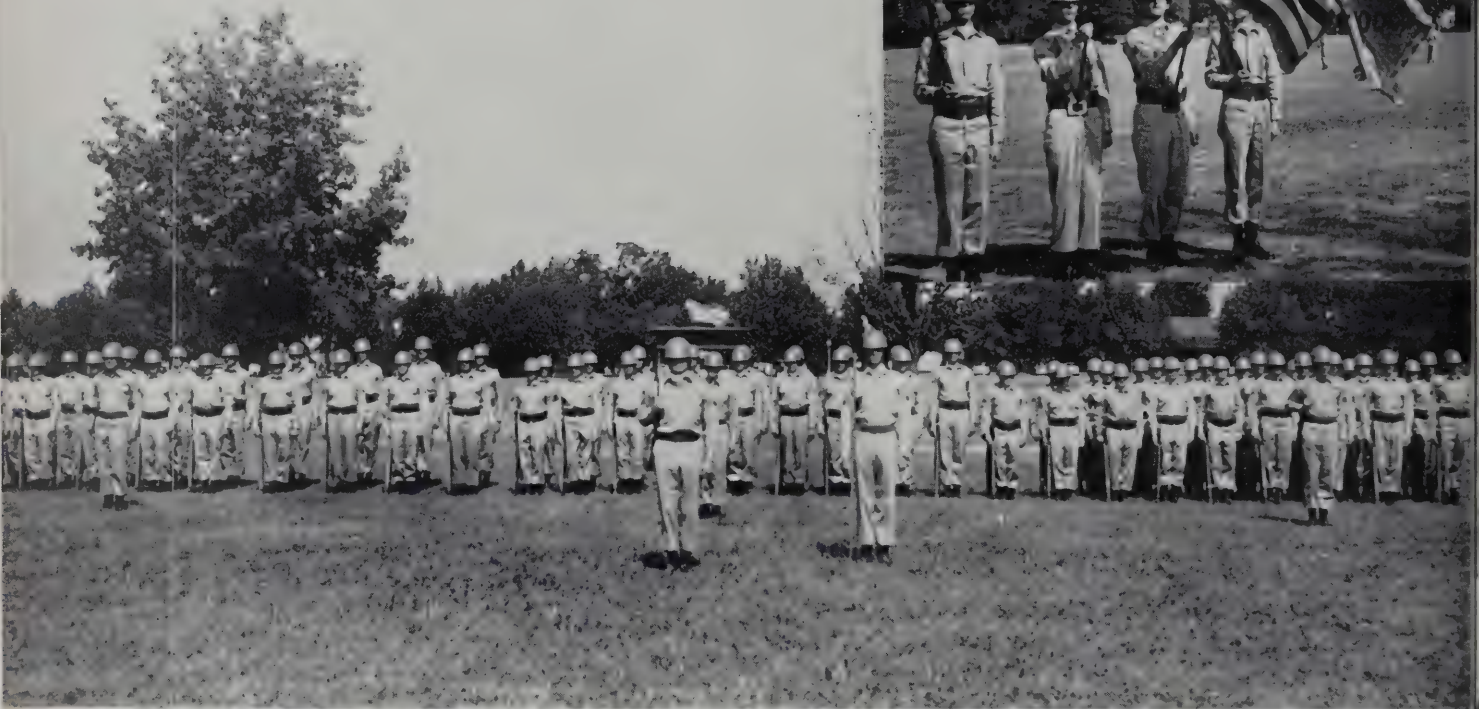
We take our hats off to the galley crew. From the mess officer to Sgt. Wilson, they all worked hard to keep our chow and messhall in top shape. They did it, too.







# 19th OC...





# ... PASS IN REVIEW



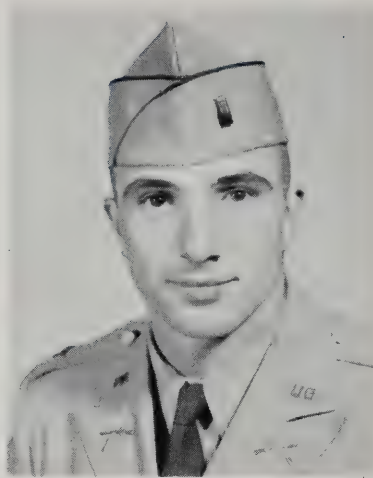




**RICHARD E. ATEN**

Route 2  
Astoria, Ill.

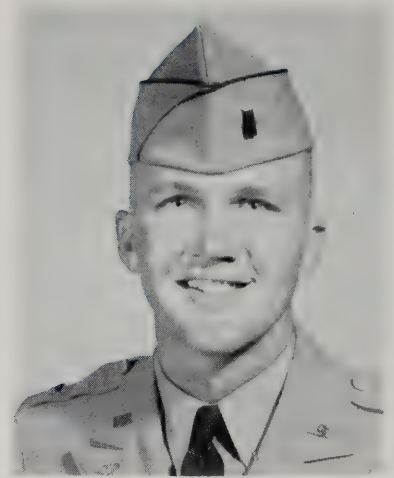
Noted for using his head and clipping many more, Dick used his skill to beat the TOs out of many a "No Haircut." He kept us all amazed with what seemed to be an inexhaustible amount of energy.



**LAWRENCE W. BAKER**

1223 Morningside Avenue  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The Don Juan of the Section, Larry extended the great line to provide continuous laughs for the fraternity. Obviously a misplaced collegian, "Bake" was happiest trying to drown his convivial companions at Pine Mountain.



**WILLIAM D. BAKER**

Box 252  
Canton, Oklahoma

The "Seminole Kid" never let his cubicle mate get a minute's rest. We'll always remember him for his "Let's make lots of noise!"

**RODGER D. BLANCHARD**

Taylor, N. Y.

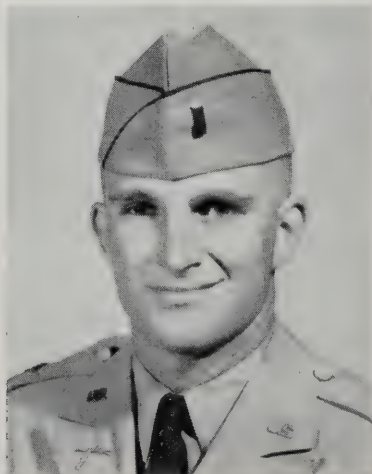
Whether actively engaged in a growling contest with Bolduc or shooting fantastic scores with weapons he's never seen before, Rodger continually reflects his cry, "Let's go get it Men!"



**DONALD A. BOLDUC**

1223 29th St.  
San Diego, Calif.

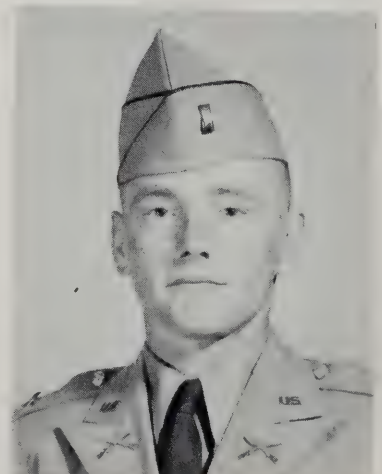
Don, a jovial representative of Sunny California, loves to swim and fish—well, at least to tell fish stories. He seems to get this G. I.'n pretty well too.



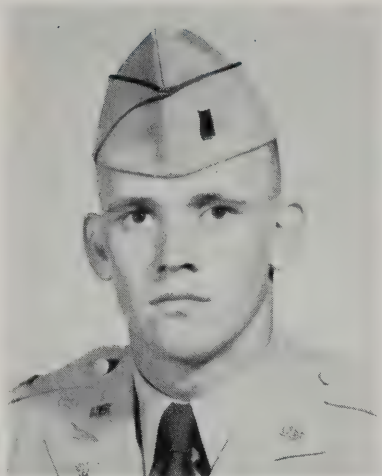
**WILBUR G. BOWLES**

Tallasse, Alabama

Our 'Bama boy took some of his own recruiting literature too seriously. The only man in the First Platoon who knew rifle P. T. "That's the way the helmet liners roll."



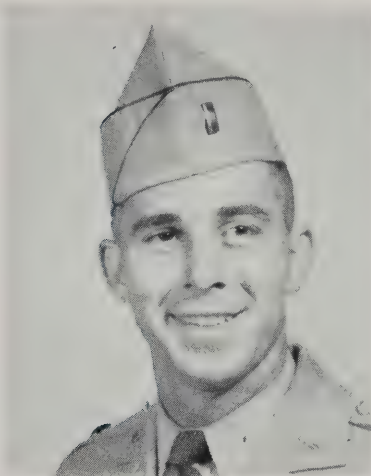




**GENE T. BOYER**

Box 214, South Jacoby Rd.  
Copley, Ohio

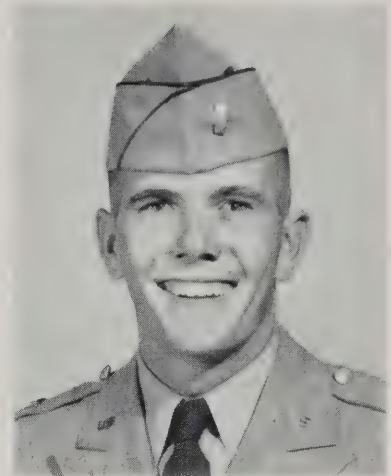
Gene labored hard and long but he was never allowed to forget the time he spent in ROTC. The original "Thug," he forced us to admit that even a Rotacee could soldier. Gene showed us many amazing things and we just can't believe he learned them all in college.



**WILLIAM W. BROWN**

1560 Rhemeda Avenue, S. W.  
Birmingham, Alabama

A truly outstanding student, Bill managed to get "A" O/R whether he attended class or not. It is surprising that he doesn't have a one-eye squint after all that shutter snapping he did as classbook photographer.



**JACK M. BRYSON**

425 N. E. 2nd  
Camas, Washington

Jack gained fame early in the cycle for his impeccable footlocker. The rest of the platoon soon followed his sterling example. He was such a good soldier they closed Camp Roberts when he left.

**DONALD C. BUCKLEY**

515 Wishart St.  
Philadelphia 34, Penn.

"Buck" was the first to admit that Europe and the Pentagon were never like this. A man with many connections, he often coordinated with that ominous figure, the Wax Man.

**Student Council**

**JOHN A. BURKE**

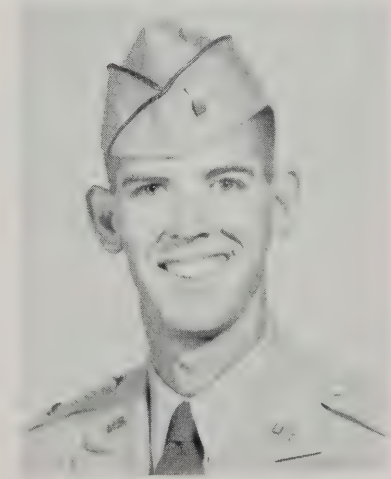
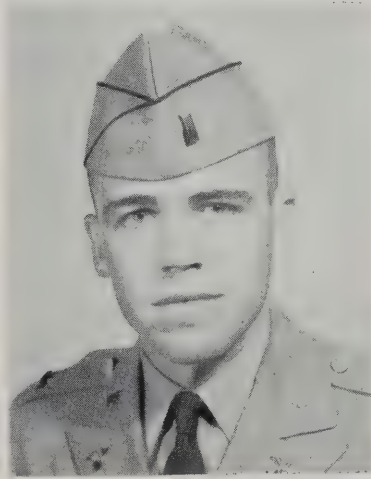
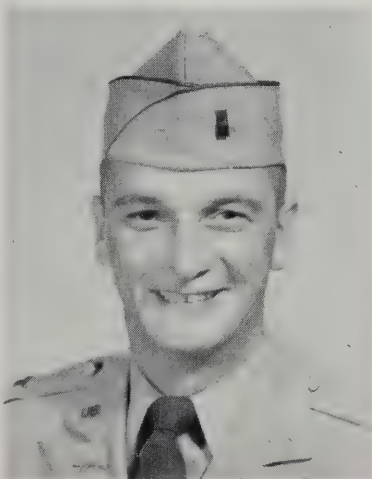
41 2nd Ave.  
Pelham, N. Y.

Three cheers for our "Mighty Mouse," the 5' 4" man with the 43" stride. Here's hoping Cookie never has to try to keep up with him.

**WILLIAM A. CAMPBELL**

215 C St., S. E.  
Washington, D. C.

A direct emissary from Congress, Bill easily won his campaign on the sound platform of low demerits, great personality and ability to lead P. T. under any conditions.



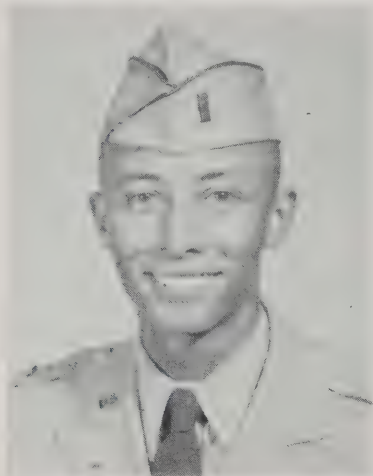


**ADOLPHUS D. CARTER**

626 West 40th St.

Savannah, Ga.

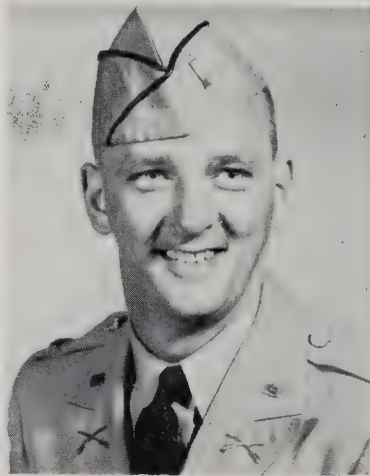
Our future M. D. is hoping to acquire a bedside manner in the Army. You'll "max" that PT test yet, lad!

**JAMES M. CAVANAGH**

557 17th St.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Cav" left that lovely civilian component duty in NYC to eat Georgia dust. His desk had the best pinups in the barracks, though perhaps a little young.

**ROBERT W. CORP**

919 Thorn Hill Drive

Cleveland, Ohio

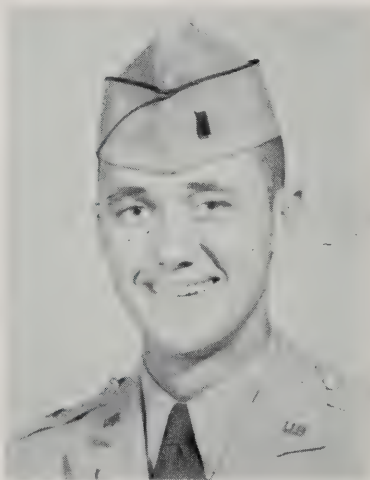
Bob, "It's all good training," Corp, the man who passes around cigars when Loretta harvests a tomato crop. Besides being a pretty good cook and stock car racer, he doesn't do badly at soldiering. He seems to "get this stuff" pretty well.

**DOUGLAS S. CRAWFORD**

Route 1, Venetian Gardens

Gulfport, Miss.

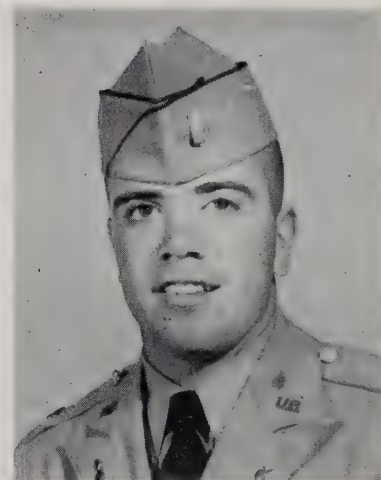
Doug, besides carrying on the cause for the Corps, promised that he'd someday include us all in a novel about OCS. Hope he includes a section on how to edit a classbook, why go Airborne?, and even a few pointers on dating a regimental commander's daughter.

**Editor—Classbook****THOMAS J. CUMMINGS**

432 S. Second St.

St. Clair, Pa.

Remember, "Blue Suede," the Army's a closed shop, so don't try to organize a local at Aberdeen. You'll find better use for your natural endowments in Washington and Baltimore.

**JOSEPH J. CUNEO**

445 W. 28th St.

New York 1, N. Y.

It wasn't till well into the cycle that John finally struggled out of the front leaning rest position and tackled OCS on both feet. "Cuneo, I know you're in there—I just can't see you." Here's to John, the boy with the million push-up smile.



**RALPH S. CUNNINGHAM, JR.**

1380 Hunter Rd. S. W.  
Atlanta, Ga.

Rising out of the front-leaning Ralph position it was, "Sir, Candidate Cunningham." We knew that another TIS instructor was going to leave the classroom wondering who taught whom.

**Lay-Out Editor—Classbook**

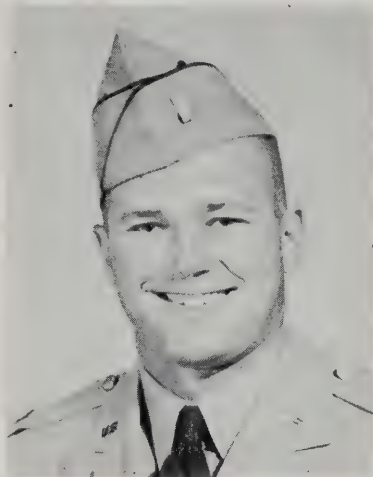


**ALAN C. DAVIS**

17 Temple Court  
Manchester, N. H.

Who can forget those first immortal words, "Whatever you do, get your damn shelter half folded!"? A. C. soon resigned himself to the Georgia weather, put his mittens in the baggage room and sent his snowshoes home. Say, Big Al, perhaps the boys mean raunchy not paunchy!

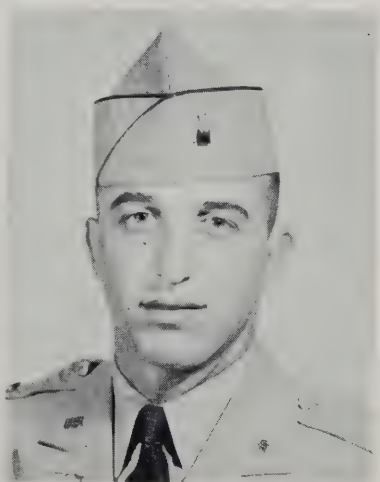
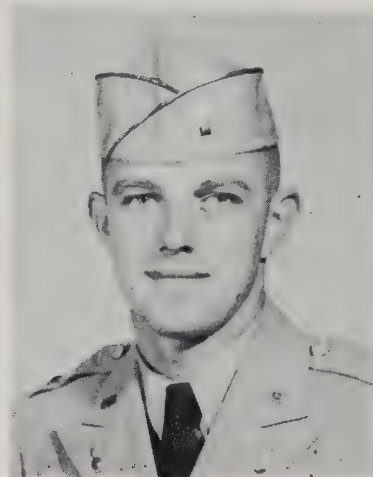
**Humor Editor—Classbook  
Tennis Softball**



**DON L. DELANO**

1833 Sycamore St.  
Royal Oak, Mich.

The little "hot rod" whose main thoughts were weekend passes and a "dusty fiancée." If he could drive as straight as he shoots the Provost Marshal would breathe much easier.



**SALVATORE DiLANDRO**

Box 27  
Stormville, N. Y.

Sal arrived at Fort Benning with a B. S. in Engineering and left with a commission and a Masters' in Naval Architecture. A brilliant conversationalist, Sal astounded us with varied topics and amazing statistics. "All right, you guys . . ."



**THOMAS D. DOWDELL**

22 Ewan Terrace  
Vineland, N. J.

Who set the alarm clock? Oh, so it was you, Dowdell. Known to one and all as Tom "Let's have a company party" Dowdell. Remember, Pop, Phyl and Linda are counting on you.

**Student Council**



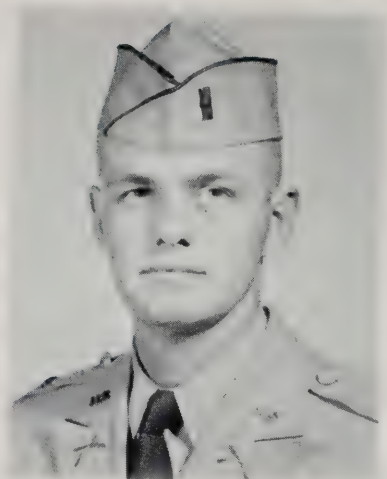
**LYNN R. DUNCKEL**

258 S. Franklin  
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Chip really took a sincere interest in the Honor Council but his future revolves around a baby girl, a pipe and teaching "those wonderful kids." They just don't make them like the Coach anymore.

**Honor Council**



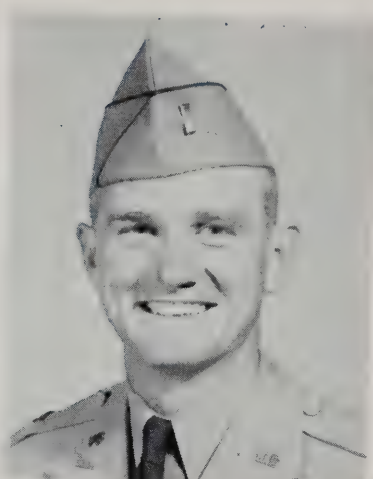


**LOUIS F. EDELBLUT**

4512 Park Ave.  
Richmond, Va.

"Edlingut," the man with the incognito coveralls, possessed an amazing quantity of the Virginia charm. So often we were forced to suppress a desire to track sand on your floor.

**1st Plt. Editor—Classbook**



**FRANCIS FARRINGTON**

89 Idylwood Avenue  
Waterbury, Conn.

If you spent anytime at all observing Red's footlocker you might write a few notes—Uke NAP, water in steam iron, 63 T-shirts, tennis racket, improperly strung. That's what I'd call a FAST road guard.

**Tennis**



**LEONARD R. FERNOW**

Ellis Hollow Rd.  
Ithaca, N. Y.

The OC's William Allen White, Fernow kept busy seeing that 19th OC stayed in the news. Cornell's gift to the Infantry, Len almost lost his individuality when the section caught the pipe habit.

**P. I. O.**

**CHARLES D. FOUNTAIN**

1200 Elizabeth Ave.  
West Palm Beach, Fla.

"Ol' Spit and Polish" Fountain, pride of the Airborne, swallowed his pride to pound the ground with the "Straight Legs." Beneath his low quarters, however, beats a paratrooper's heart.

**Victory Lodge Representative**

**JAMES A. GEHLERT**

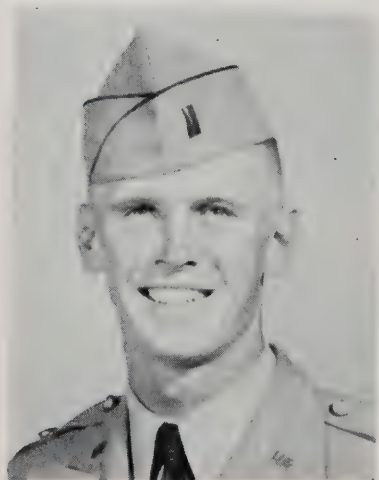
2117 Cleveland Boulevard  
Granite City, Ill.

Shades of Saratoga! Who else but a future bookie would take odds on a buffer race? A betting man himself, Diamond Jim's advice to the "young bucks" is never take a long shot on a horse or a woman.

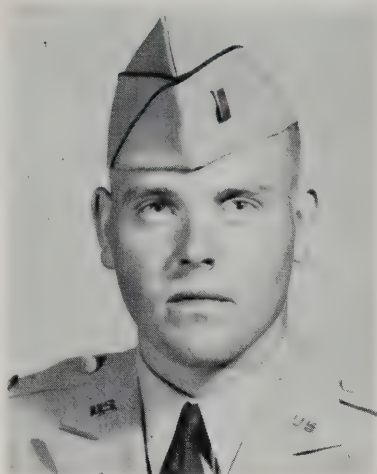
**DAVID E. GILMAN, JR.**

12 Glenwood St.  
Amesbury, Mass.

The guy with the crooked smile and the packages from home. Can this lovable character be the terror that prowls at night and ties knots in the sheets of his unsuspecting buddies?







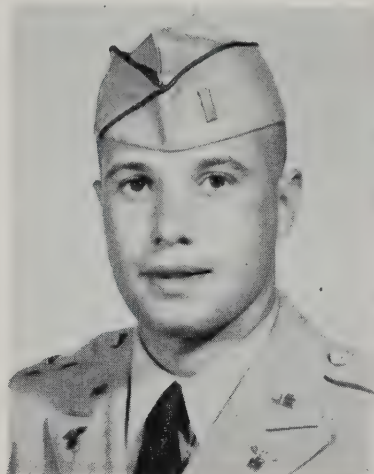
**CLARENCE A. GILSTAD**

Blackduck, Minn.

Gil, the nerveless Norwegian, claims that OCS can't compare to Blackduck. "No snow, no moose, no Indians but plenty of good sacktime, Ja, Sure!"

**Softball**

**Classbook Cartoonist**

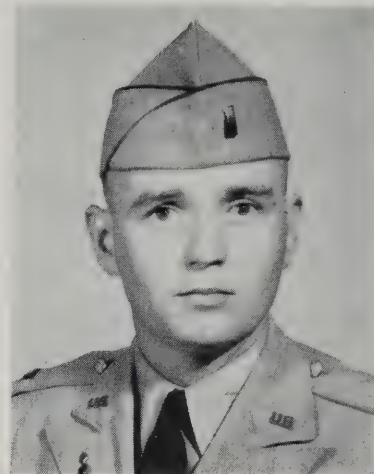


**ARTHUR M. GITLIN**

100 Lord Kitchener Road  
New Rochelle, N. Y.

In this corner we have "Awful Arthur," the man who delivers his hay-makers with words. The trouble is that he's more often right than wrong.

**Softball**



**JOHN F. GUSZCZA**

10 Perrine St.  
Auburn, New York

"Gus," the ex-Marine, traveled the long road from Peiping, China, to Benning to discover that the Army makes men too—and it wasn't long before the Second Platoon found that converted Marines make pretty fair soldiers.

**JACK H. HALL**

1144 W. Rosebug Ave.  
Modesto, California

Jack, the California kid, faces the day with a bright smile and a red-eyed stare. Our early rising friend is reputed to have a loud speaker on his alarm clock, and horse shoes on his boots.

**FRANK J. HALLER**

1612 Borland Road  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

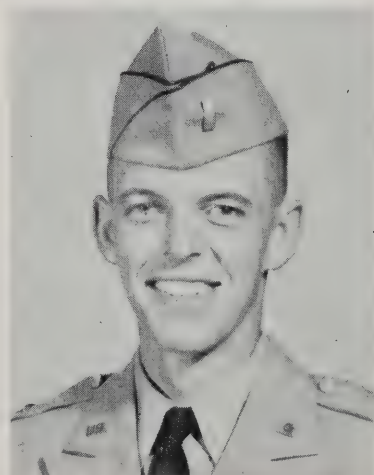
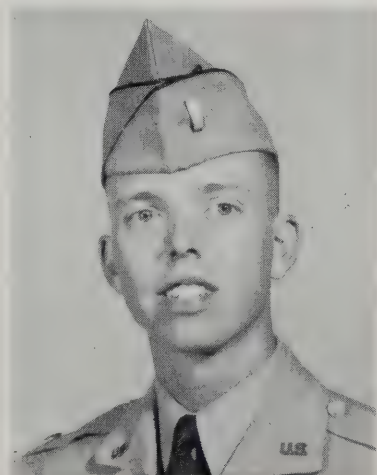
The joker of the section with "Dig that crazy man," as his trademark. Footlockers were never put to better use. He's still looking for the hidden compartment he constructed the first week.

**ROBERT E. HALSTED**

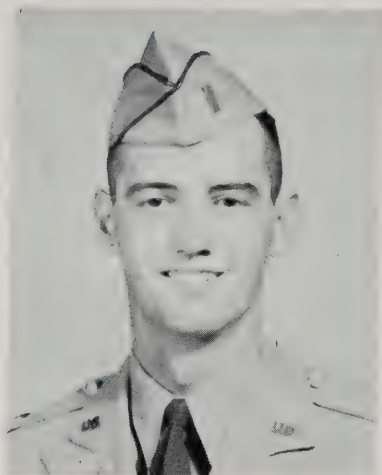
88 Harland Road  
Norwich, Connecticut

He abandoned his armor and came up front with the Infantry, well equipped with pun superiority. Tanks for the support, Bob.

**Student Council Secretary**





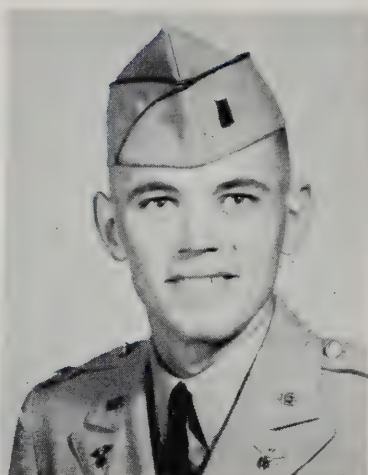


**JOSEPH M. HARPER, JR.**

1655 East Road  
Jacksonville, Florida

"Johnny Reb" Joe, a sincere Confederate, has a shine for rhyme and a fair ear for harmony. The only fault we find in the "Rebel" is his pronunciation of Miami.

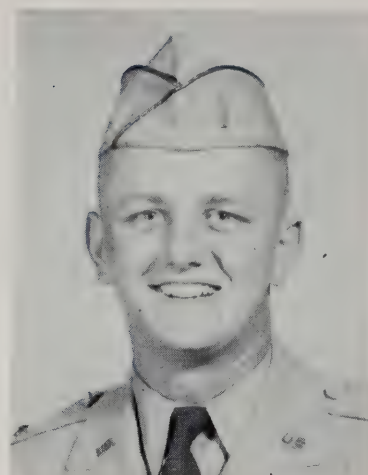
**Classbook Associate Editor**



**RICHARD W. HEALEY**

34 Grandview Drive  
Mount Kisco, New York

"Dad" Healey, our venerable medicine man has perfected the only known cure-all; an ace bandage and a quart of Miller's. Deepest gratitude, ancient one, for thy unceasing care.



**AUGUST HEIN**

384 Cambridge Ave.  
Buffalo 15, New York  
Ach du Leiber, Augie!

**Baseball**

**I & E Representative**

**BENTLEY J. HERBERT**

148 Fruit St.  
Bangor, Maine

Hustling Herb, with PT boots under the barracks, and fatigues standing unassisted, will have his bars dazzling and his Ordnance flame burning bright. Keep those weapons coming, Herb. The Infantry will save the day!

**Softball**

**DONALD A. KAMANDULIS**

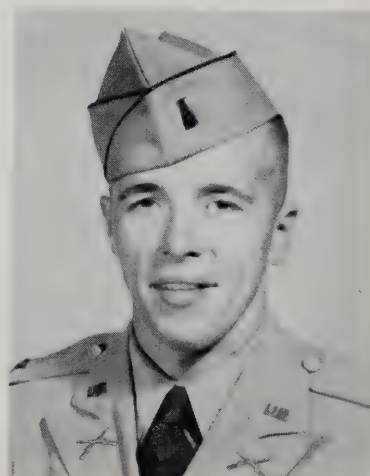
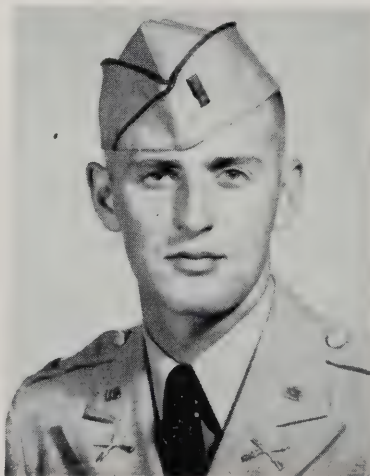
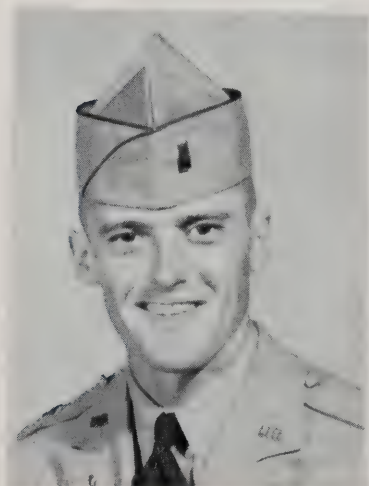
10 Strathmore Rd.  
Worcester, Mass.

While "commander dulis" leads his men, plays laughing boy, or hides his head, his one ambition and only thought is just to be another "hawk."

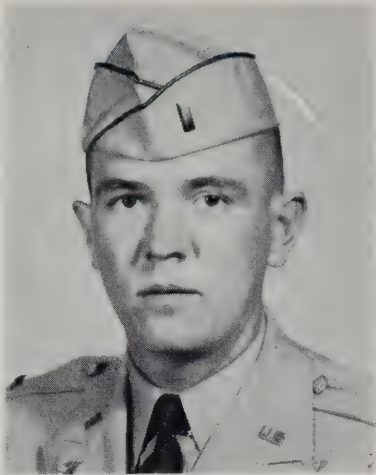
**ROBERT A. KELLS**

117 Gasto Avenue  
New Brunswick, N. J.

Honest Bob, the East coast wonder boy. A talent for everything except feminine society though always in there pitching.

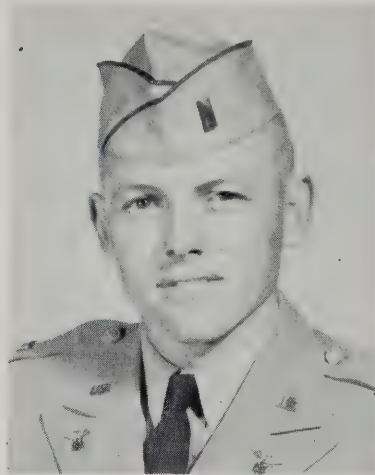






**WILLIAM S. KILLO**  
512 Lawrence Street  
Allentown, Pa.

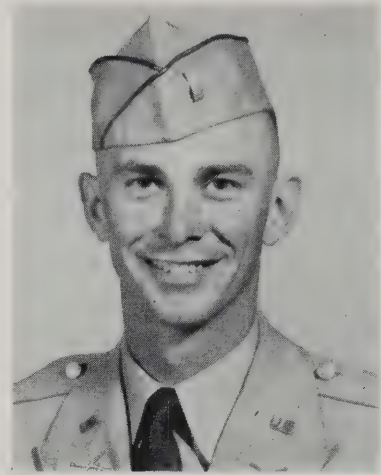
With his pretty wife's picture in his pocket, and the violin case put away forever, our one time long haired friend will be the pride of the band-aid corps.



**OWEN A. KOCH**  
1022 W. Monroe St.  
Sandusky, Ohio

A name pronounced in every way from a soft drink to a rooster's first cousin, but never as the head man in a kitchen. May your syringes be always dressed and covered, Medic.

**Softball**



**JOHN E. LEE**  
Hume, Missouri

The men of Hume might not have heard of drill and command but how many can catch catfish barehanded or see "double-jointed woodpeckers" in the trees?

**Softball**

**DAVID W. LEWIS**  
Cumberland, Maryland

A small man with a large heart. Teaching was never like this but then how men can get Dave's P. T. scores?

**Softball**

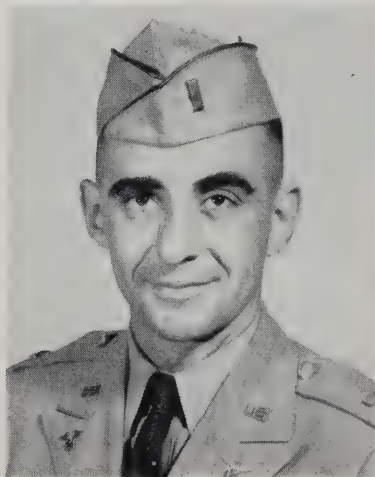
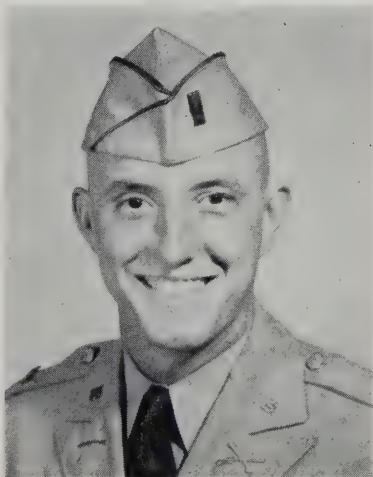
**LEONARD F. LOMBARDI**  
84 Eastfield Road  
Waterbury, Conn.

"Little Caesar." How would we ever get up without him? Working, playing, joking, never at a loss for a laugh, although plagued by a belt buckle never aligned properly.

**REX L. McARTHUR**  
375 N. 4th Ave.  
Price, Utah

Rex McArthur, the friendly raccoon coat salesman from Utah. Rex also deals in special padlocks and invisible cigarettes which cannot be seen in the company area.

**Softball**



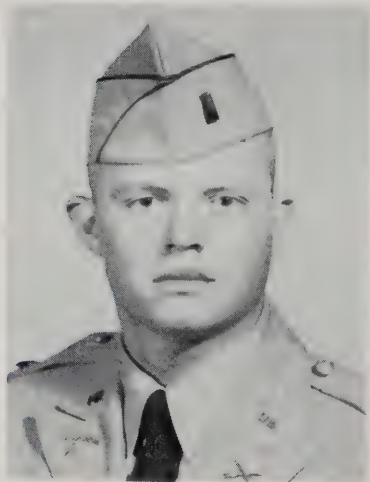


**GORDON P. McKAY**

507 So. 6th St.  
Norfolk, Nebraska

Sunk in the bunk at ten, exhausted by the telling of many tales about his fabulous buddies. Moose McKay—200 pounds of fighting man from the Great Wide Plains.

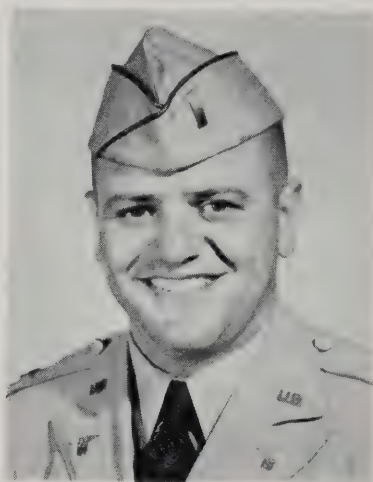
**A&R Representative**



**ARTHUR MARANO**

104 Ferry St.  
Newark, New Jersey

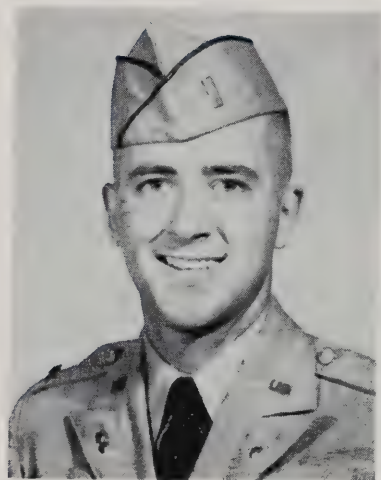
We call him "Pop" as he wipes the sweat off his glasses and bends over a hot buffer in the practical application of that great subject—house-keeping.



**EVERETT J. MARDER**

398 Hawthorne St.  
New Bedford, Mass.

Suck it up! Tuck it in! Yes, Sir, How many? Can we ever forget this jolly bayonet fighter with his broom, or the boots so conscientiously shined with axle grease?

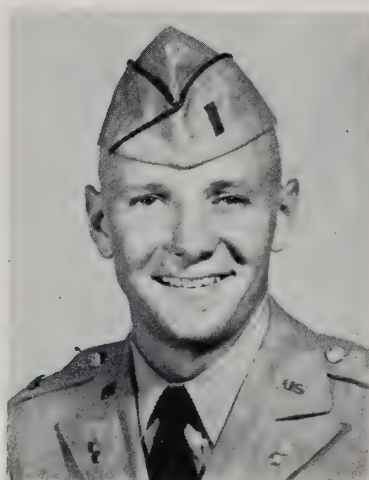


**BARRIE P. MASTERS**

21 Lafayette Avenue  
West Warwick, Rhode Island

Montgomery on the fields of Georgia. The Liverpool Limey with a talent for maxing the tests and meeting his Waterloo in a beautiful girl from Rhode Island.

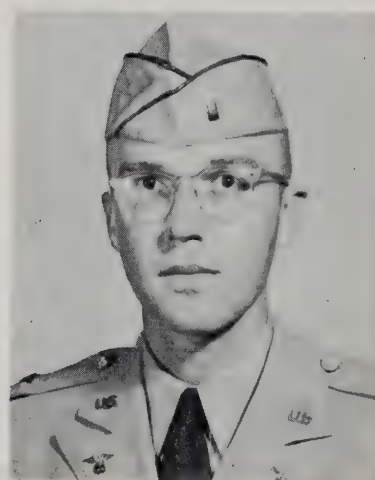
**2nd Plt. Editor Classbook**



**ANDREW R. MATIKA**

279 Lyndhurst Ave.  
Lyndhurst, New Jersey

"Handy Andy," an Ordnance man wishing for the Jersey beach in this Georgia sun, but famous for buffing his floor an hour before anyone else gets up.



**JOSEPH L. MAZUR**

11118 Miles Ave.  
Cleveland, Ohio

The bespeckled psychologist who plans a career studying the behavior of that singular specie—the tactical officer. How can such a sensible fellow prefer bourbon to scotch?

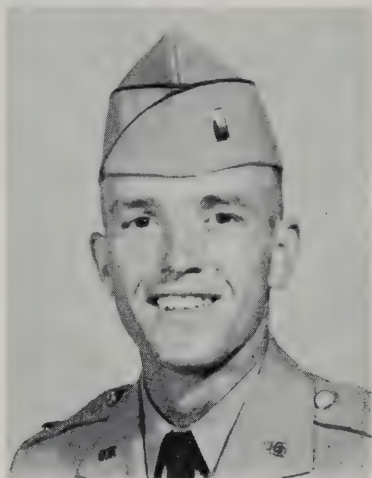
**Student Council Vice President**



**CLESTON G. MERRELL**

Duchesne, Utah

How many times did Glade's faithful old horse take us on pass? Oh, shucks, that clanking car is out of gas, it won't run, it has a flat.



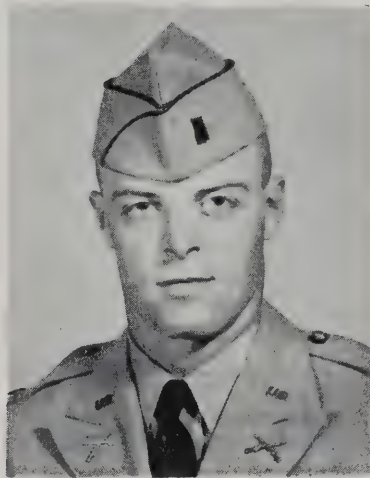
**DAVID B. METZ**

290 Corbin Ave.

New Britain, Conn.

A home run hitter with both the softball and his many friends. We hope that the gentleman from Ohio State will view the Ivy League with due reverence hereafter.

**Softball**

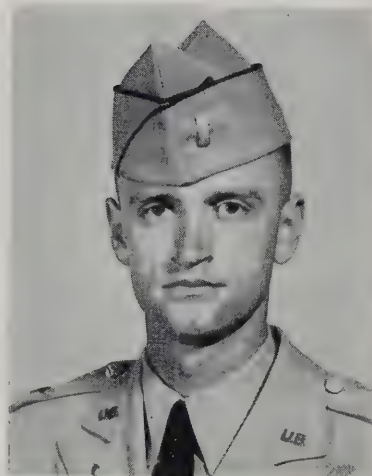
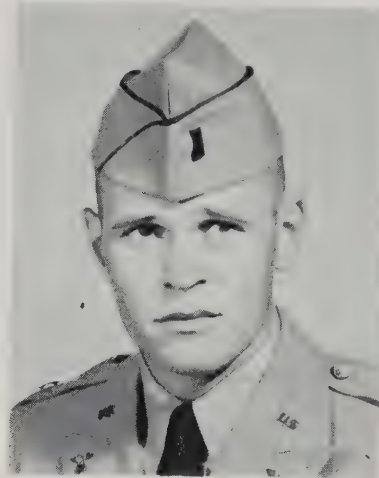


**HENRY F. MINOR**

3504 Moss Side Avenue

Richmond 22, Virginia

The one time king of Skid Row, Frank now spends his time reading verse and hiding food from home. Who else could always be first in the chow line?



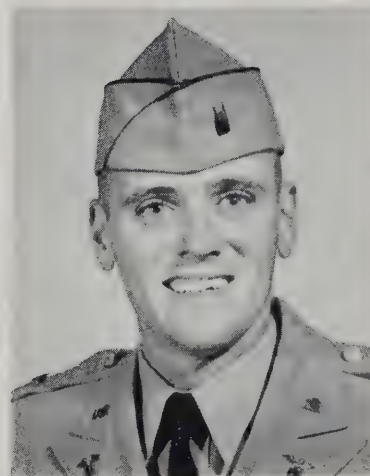
**HERMAN L. MOEKLE JR.**

16731 Huntingdon Rd.

Detroit, Michigan

Fire!! Two minutes. Not bad. The one man with claim for fame—our Fire Marshal. Your badge of office, the red garters, should make a hit with the Ordnance department.

**Fire Marshal**

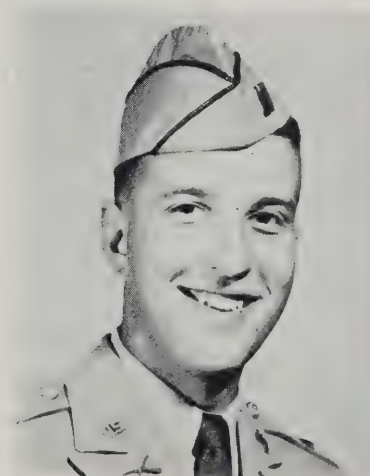


**DONALD L. MORGAN**

405 Alameda Ave.

Reno, Nevada

"Glory be to God that He created Eve." Aye! Morgan would agree. With an instinct prone to Latin's and an acute sense of the ways of night, he is destined for a plush office in the Far West.



**RENE J. MORISSETTE**

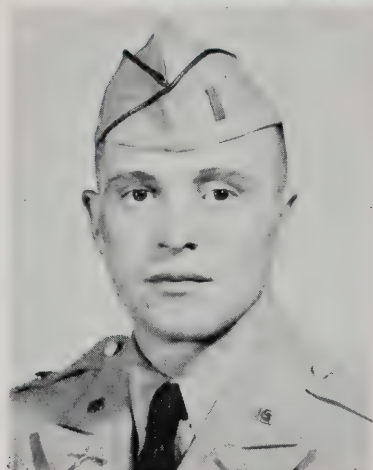
903 Riverside Drive

Methuen, Mass.

"Ripple" Morissette, chief gun of the company party and first string on the panic squad, was never without some new and grandiose project. Our Entrepreneur's final ambition—homesteading with Elaine in that great country near Methuen.

**Business Manager—Classbook**





**THOMAS O. MUHN**  
665 Patterson Court  
Inkster, Michigan

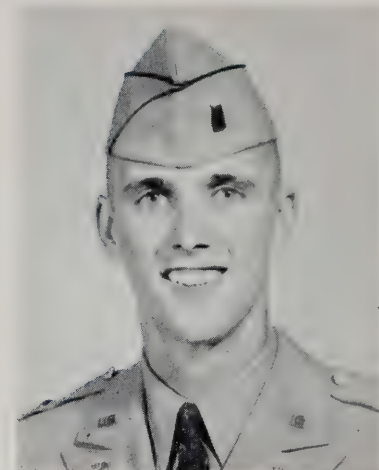
With Herculean force Mighty Mite's five foot, four inch frame scaled the twelve foot wall. And he was heard to say on his descent, "When do I get out of jump school . . . Geranium!"



**JOSEPH E. MURPHY**  
2300 Irving Ave. So.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Tall, slim Joe may be seen walking about "campus" with his helmet well down on his glasses. Despite the view he plans on seeing things with the mountain troops in Colorado.

**Photo Editor - Classbook**



**GEORGE A. NICKLESS**  
Treble Cove Rd.  
No. Billerica, Mass.

"Put your helmets on men" Nickless reiterated as he donned his own above a clean, pressed uniform—the result of his little woman's careful efforts. And he knows the Medical Company inside out—when the Infantry calls Nick will be there.

Maybe silver City is in the U.S? You've convinced me. Best of luck Oz, to you & the wife and the little ones to follow. Eddie

**EDWARD F. NOWICKI**  
2 Salisbury Ave.  
Moosup, Connecticut

Not saying much you know full well his thoughts were more than he uttered. Perhaps Oz knows.

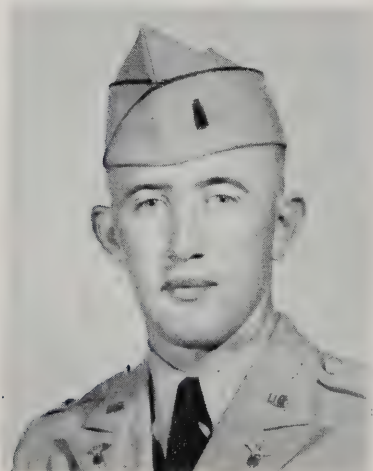
**CLARENCE A. OSMER JR.**  
416 N. Bullard St.  
Silver City, N. M.

Number One, as we dubbed him, was prone to telling local yarns spun out of a colorful New Mexican past. He made that land less barren than one might think.

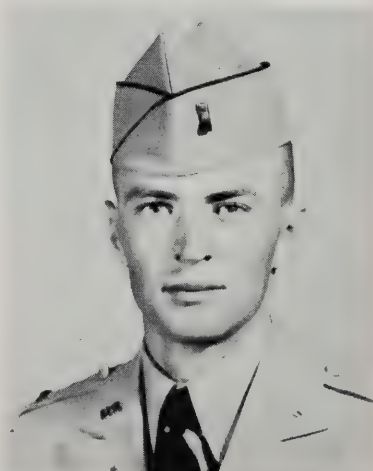
**Student Council**

**RAYMOND E. PALMER**  
11 Walnut Street  
Brattleboro, Vermont

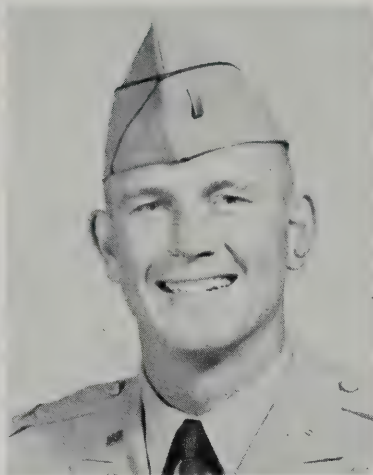
His gaunt, weathered features portray the determination of an old Vermonter. Tired of old soil, he seeks a new horizon across the seas through Army liaison. It's been said that NATO calls our Palmer.



P.S. wish you'd learn how to clean House.

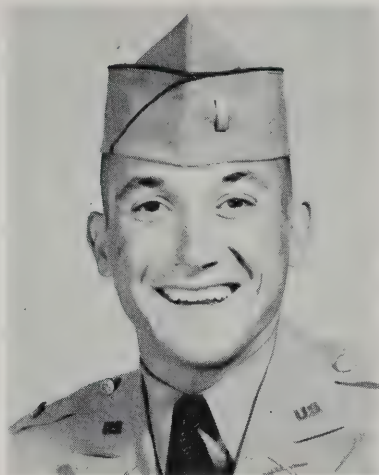






**ELMER L. PETERSON JR.**  
9533 Schooling Road  
Rivera, California

"Big Pete," equally adept at wheeling a "Big Stick" or the section buffer, invariably sounded off with the "hot poop" when the occasion demanded. We're proud to send him off as our sole contribution to the Signal Corps.



**LOUIS R. POWELL**  
717 N. W. 46th St.  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

**Grapes of Wrath** or the flat oil lands of Oklahoma are certainly indicative of fluent, easy going Powell, and he, less serious than some, found his chief talent in well trained vocal chords and the selection of a very beautiful wife.

*To Oz - the man who Big passed up a kick. Love him to you 'Rich'*

**ROBERT G. RICHARDSON**  
160 Sussex  
West Englewood, N. J.

"Girr!!" growled Richardson, his teeth bared, his muscles tensed and his determined mind set. A small stature proved no limitation to this rough O/C who so easily threw Big Ransbury in hand to hand combat. Oddly enough, Rich plans to enter teaching so beware, young student.



**CHARLES R. PUCKETT**  
1142 Rogers St.  
Abilene, Texas

Self discipline is the Law to this sparse Texan whose agile frame and staunch will brought in so many points on the P. T. tests.

*Oz, time for fellow Mexicaning to start again - Deal! (because it's not, and because we are going different ways. If not before, I'll see you in Ft Sam, April 55. Rich*

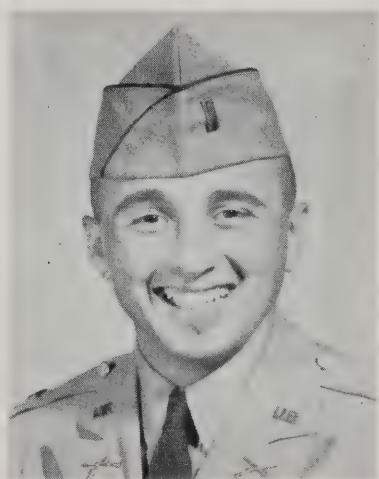
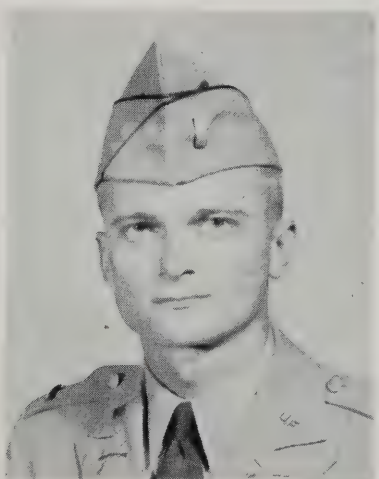
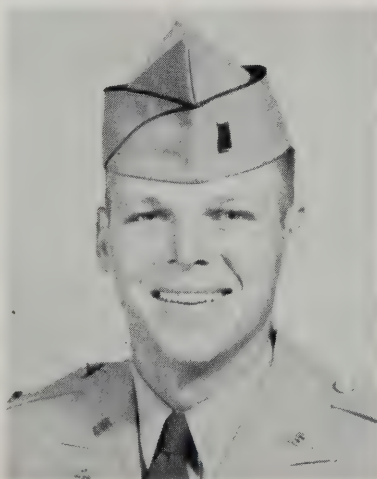
**JOHN P. ROBERTS**  
2217 N. Ellamont St.  
Baltimore, Md.

War story teller Roberts chug chugs his way through thick and thin. To the ire of some, he honorably disputes any statement, no matter how ridiculous or sublime. And then "Oh gee gosh!" he'd say.

**TERRANCE J. RANSBURY**  
Silver Creek, New York

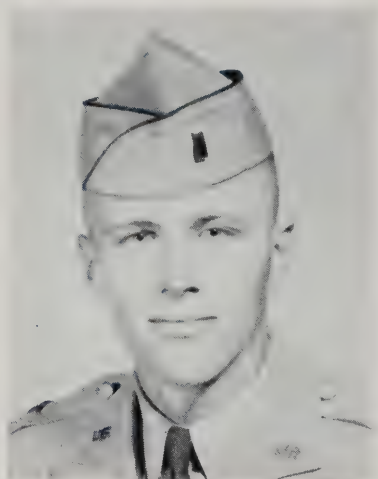
"All right you guys!" cried the low man on the gig list, a big athletic type individual who hailed from Indiana University. A future coach, they say he has an M. A. for a background.

**Softball**





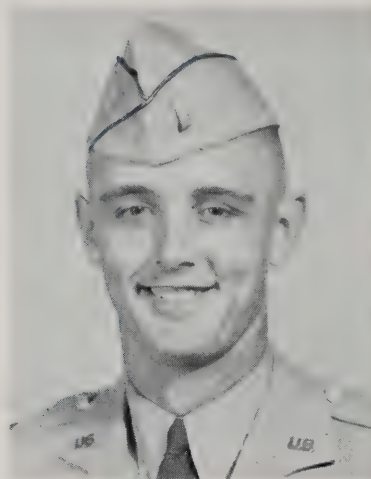
*To the man #1, who  
has the impossible for  
himself. Bill Roylance*



**ELMORE M. ROSS**  
19808 Southgate Rd.  
Cleveland, Ohio

A humorist at heart, "Fraternity Ross" got on quite well without his white bucks and his college tie. After waiting long hours on an "expected" date or crying "Dig that crazy music," his handsome features were invariably tained crimson—whether from embarrassment or amusement.

**Softball**



**GEORGE B. ROBINSON**  
732 Saluda Street  
Rock Hill, S. C.

With his back against the wall the rebel faced his tormentors and said . . . "This is not too gung men!" It was only Robinson nobly defending the South against overwhelming Yankee odds.



**WILLIAM G. ROYLANCE JR.**  
Rt. 2, Box 335  
Clinton, Md.

Shoulders pinned back to the breaking point, chin tucked in to the base of his spine, back arched just a touch too much, Roylance stood tall, taller than one thought possible. A quiet, determined soldier, he will go far in his Army career.

**EDWARD V. F. RYAN**

137 Elm Street  
Staten Island 10, New York

With a fiery Irish temper and a natural wit, Ryan performed admirably in a skit at the first class ball as the image of Lt. Gardiner. "Jump, Candidate, Jump!" he said . . . "Who told you to come down?"

**BERNARDINO S. SANTINI**

600 Whittaker Ave.  
Trenton, N. J.

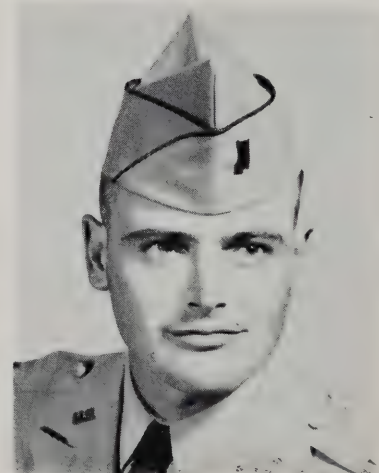
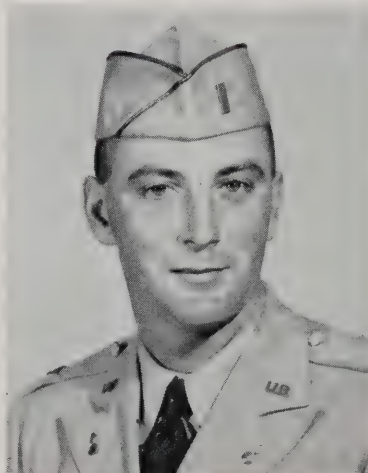
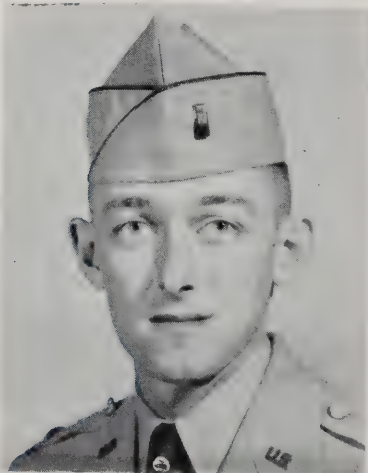
The smile that grew on the banks of the Delaware gained new stature on the banks of the Chattahoochee.

**HARVEY W. SHAFFER**

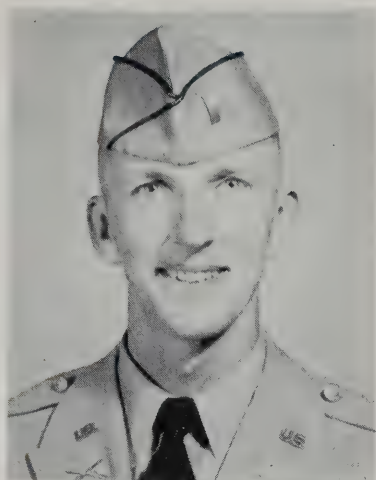
912 Euclid Avenue  
Lynchburg, Virginia

What thoughts lurk behind that gracious smile only a Virginian will know. There too, perhaps, lies the origin of a rather peculiar way of saying "out" which we, despite our greatest effort, could produce.

**Softball**



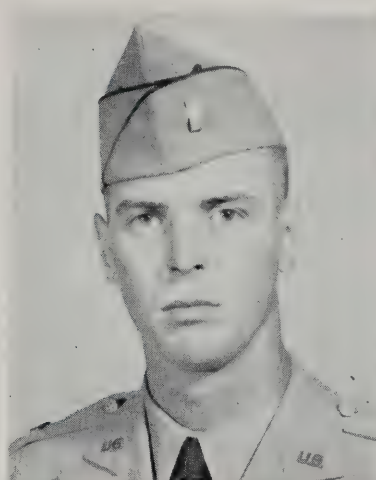




**RUDOLF F. SCHMID**

4606 Clarissa Avenue  
Hollywood, California

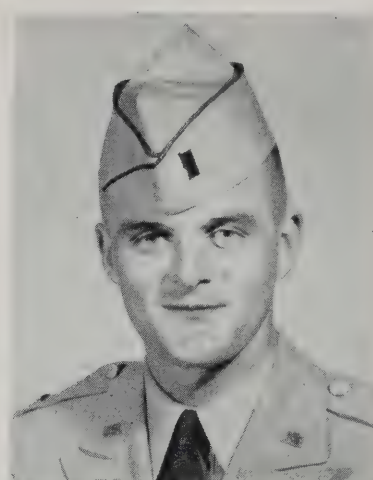
Characterized by a ruddy complexion and an aquiline nose, Schmid was more than gracious—a quality some say is native to the open West.



**CHARLES R. SCHNEIDER**

51 W. PierrePont Ave.  
Rutherford, N. J.

Bustling Bud, former gridiron great from St. Lawrence, should much speed—particularly towards the sign out book.



**MORGAN T. SMITH**

50 Highland Lane  
Cedar Grove, New Jersey

The click of a shutter—a roll of film and "M. T." was off and running. Tell us, Smitty, what's new in Montclair?

**WILLIAM R. SNEAD**

863 Nevin Ave.  
Sewickley, Pa.

... A flaming wit, a blazing smile, a burning desire ...

**CHARLES H. STORY**

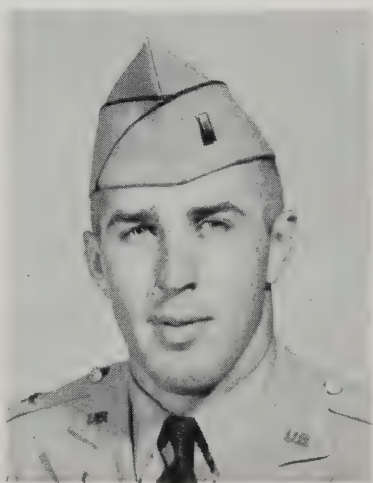
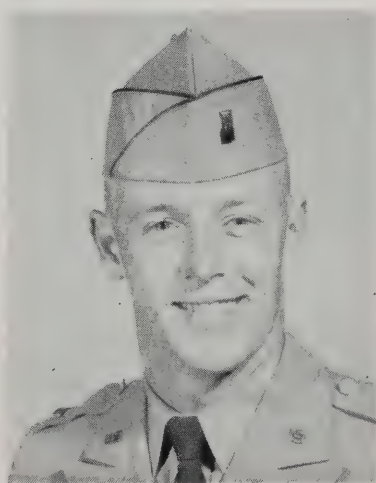
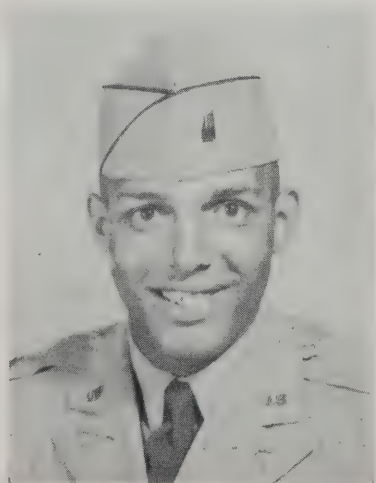
Fort Benning, Ga.

This future tactical officer displayed outstanding initiative, attitude and tactical ability in convincing our class sweetheart to marry him. General rating—A.

**EDWARD N. SUCHECKI**

73 Congress St.  
Hartford, Conn.

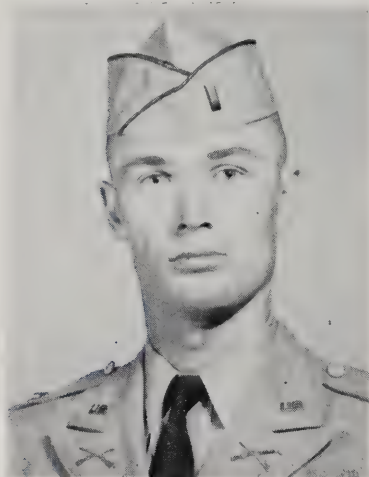
"What this place needs is some liberal education ... the level of intelligence is far too low!" So thought Suchek as he leisurely made his way to classes each day. Do not forget serious one that the Ivy halls are a long way from the field of battle.





**HENRY C. TROMBLEY JR.**

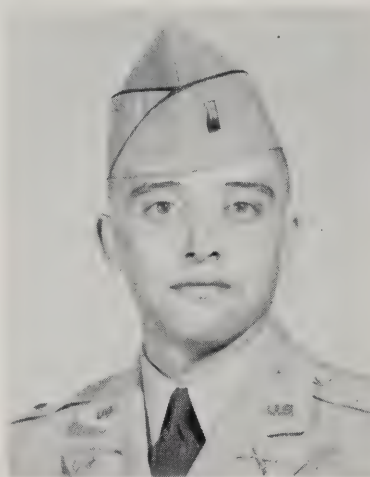
Exhibiting a modified Eastern accent, enriched by a Vermont twist, this ruddy complexioned New Englander showed some pride in his speech. As an officer and later as a teacher it will serve him well.



**LEONARD S. VACCARO**

12706 Rexford Ave.  
Cleveland, Ohio

Lennie, the gentleman from the East, was an authority on many subjects—including beautiful girls.

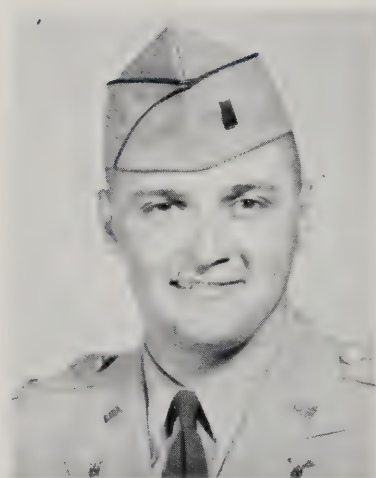


**JAMES E. VALENTINE**

1st and North Sts.  
Corning, California

The Hawk proved his worth to this young player on the clay courts one day and no more boasts came forth. Turning to ping pong his freckled face continued to beam with imminent comments and no loss of pride or honor.

**Softball**

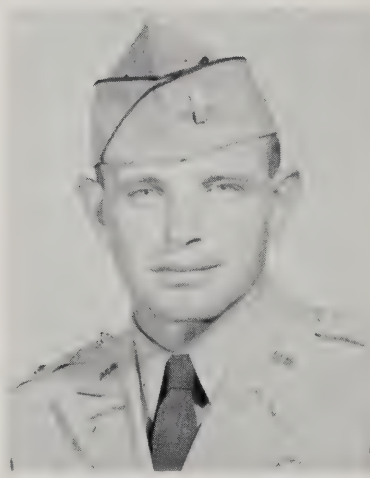


**ALBERT R. VALKO**

518 Grant St.  
South Fork, Pa.

We don't wish to slander him by saying he's from Pennsylvania. Despite his weight, this sharp tongued individual proved to be the fastest man on OCS's five lap track.

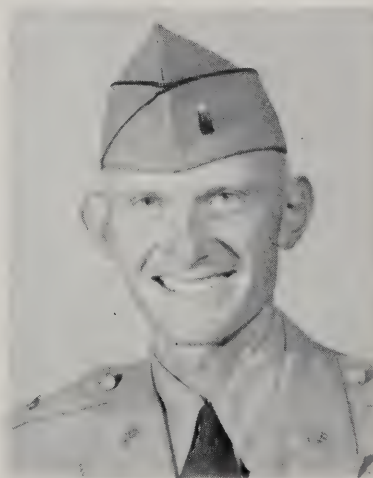
**Softball**



**JAMES P. VANSICKLE**

5270 Sheridan Rd.  
Saginaw, Michigan

An old soldier with the Airborne for his background, this weather beaten veteran looks forward once again to his silk descents under the easier life of TO&E.



**JOHN S. VERNOOY**

25231 Lake Rd.  
Bay Village, Ohio

"Red John"—lover of P. T. and the Candidate's choice as buffer Platoon Leader. Biggest complaint—having to wait until 4:45 to arise in the morning.

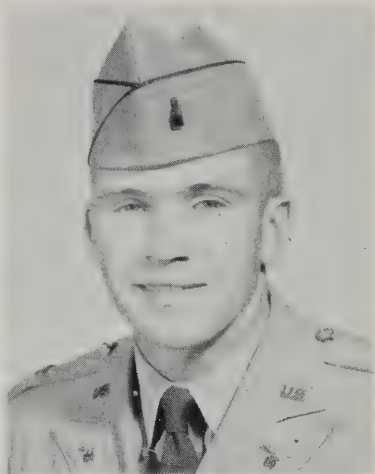


**WILLIAM R. WEST**

338 S. Chase Ave.  
Columbus 4, Ohio

At the company ball in the local skit he played the fool, though no fool was he; with his slanted wit and his leisurely way you'd think he spend his days and nights at a frat house party ball.

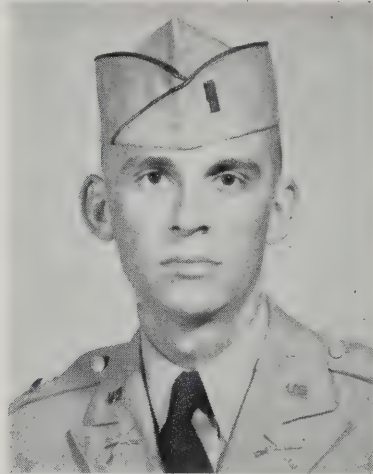
**Honor Council**  
**3rd Platoon Editor, Classbook**



**WILLIAM B. WILSON**

2455 Highland Ave.  
Montgomery, Alabama

Being youngest man of the Company, "Blitz," with all that school days pep stored up, just received his USAFI degree in Arts and Shines. Holds rank as Rebel, 1st Class.

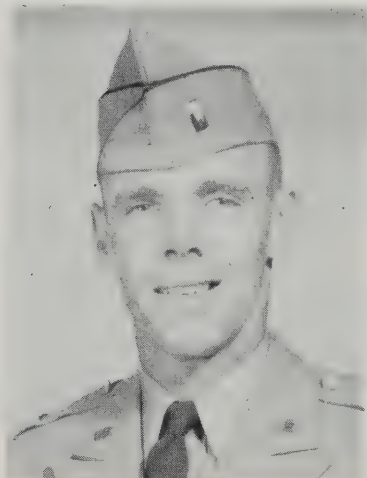


**JAMES D. WOOD**

85 Chelsea Ave.  
Napa, California

"Candidate Wood has an announcement to make," said the C. O. again as a tall, slim figure appeared from behind the ranks carrying easily his casted arm. With no hard feeling toward the obstacle course Wood continued to hold forth on the weighty decision of the Student Council.

**President, Student Council**



**RALPH C. YOUNG**

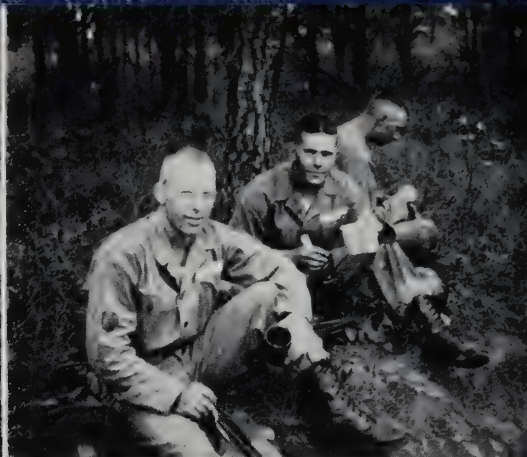
Wellington Heights Road  
Avon, Connecticut

A father midway through the course, this ex-teacher found himself holding far too many command positions over the weekend—a nasty trick of some ill bred higher authority. Ah, but what good are weekends anyway with thy wife a thousand miles away.



## FIRST PLATOON

Aten  
Baker, L.  
Baker, W.  
Blanchard  
Bolduc  
Bowles  
Boyer  
Brown  
Bryson  
Buckley  
Burke  
Campbell  
Carter  
Cavanagh  
Corp  
Crawford  
Cummings  
Cuneo  
Cunningham  
Davis  
DeLano  
DiLandro  
Dowdell  
Dunckel  
Edelblut  
Farrington  
Fernow



## THE FIRST PLATOON

There are some who would say that we are "route-step" and "half-scholarly;" there are some who would imply that we are, by and large, a collection of "thugs." Still others might choose to heckle us concerning the relative size of our small band. To all of these we say—"FIRST PLATOON! Every man a tiger!"

The Thugs. All claim to being the original thug goes to **Gene Boyer** but then what can you expect from ROTC? **Jim Cavanagh** really studied at the Infantry School and now soldiers as if he'd been in the service for years. If you wanted to get off on pass the boy to see was **Bill Campbell**. **Wil Bowles** was pretty philosophical about the whole thing—after all, that's the way the helmet liners roll.

**Dick Aten** is still trying to explain to **Jack Bryson** just what is lacking in Jack's footlocker. Actually, Dick, it's more a case of too much rather than too little. **Bill Brown** is trying to make an announcement to the platoon but because of his soft voice no one seems to hear him. **Don Bolduc** has some hot scoop and is passing it on to **Rodger Blanchard**. Naturally, **Rodg** appreciates it—"I just want to thank you, Jess." **Ad Carter** seems serene and sublime in all this confusion but actually he's pretty anxious to get back to scalpel and clamps. **Bill Baker** and **Don Buckley** are trying to sell **Jack Burke** and **Larry Baker** on the advantages of married life. They're wasting time; **Cookie** sold Jack long time ago and Larry is still too collegiate to be easily snowed.

There is no known method of anticipating what is going on in the Second Section so let's take a look . . .





"Don't be a Fernow." At least that's what **Don DeLano** says and he lives across the aisle from the Smudgepot, **Len Fernow**. Len is busy giving advice to **Red Farrington** on how to restring a tennis racket, play a uke and write a letter, all at one time. The young man firmly entrenched behind the baby pictures is **Chip Dunkel**. One look at Karen and you'll know why. Don't discount boy father **Tom Dowdell**. Tom claims that Linda will graduate from college next June. If it wasn't Dogwell we'd think it was a rash promise. **Frank Edelblut** seems to think Fort Dix, N. J., might be a good spot for a newly married pair. **Al Davis** is engrossed in telling **Tom Cummings** all sorts of prospective things for Aberdeen. Don't let him wear suedes, A. C. **Ralph Cunningham** is giving **Doug Crawford** a lesson in the "front-learning Ralph position," something secret in the sack-out moves. Dougal can't quite figure out how to sleep in an air drop. **John Cuneo** is regaling one and all with tales of Manhattan. Everyone agrees that NYC is great, John—"Ain't it?" Above all we will miss **Bob Corp's** reports on Loretta's tomatoes, "Horizontal" Brown, "The Fox," "Iron-Jaw" and other Kappa Sig buddies. Tell us, **Sal DiLandro** how are you ever going to manage to cover enough of New York state to keep all the girls happy?

That's it. The First Platoon.





## SECOND PLATOON

Fountain

Gehlert

Gilman

Gilstad

Gitlin

Guszcza

Hall

Haller

Halsted

Harper

Healey

Hein

Herbert

Kamandulis

Kells

Killo

Koch

Lee

Lewis

Lombardi

Marano

Marder

Masters

Matika

Mazur

McArthur

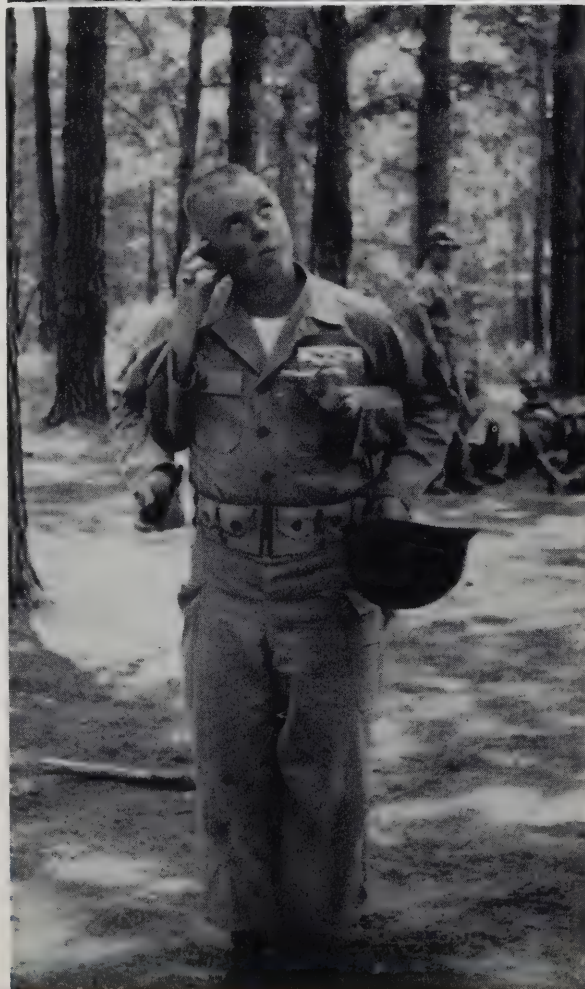
McKay

Merrell

Metz

Minor

Moekle



## THE SECOND PLATOON

Look back, Lieutenant, back to April 27th when your trembling body ran up the steps of the Second Platoon barracks.

We had just arrived, driven by ambition and hope from many corners of the country. We had six long months to face but now that they are past, we can look back with pride for we did a good job and can be justly proud.

That first day and its experiences will never be forgotten. The warm welcome extended by the tigers with bared fangs. The helpless feeling of having a week's work to do in two minutes, the sight of fifty odd field manuals to be studied. Each one of us has separate memories of the misfortune of that day. Lt. Lewis tells us off handedly that he is here to help us. Lt. Gardner expects nothing but perfection. We survived, we grew. A unit emerged from the chaos. Soon we were to be envied for we were the only platoon in the company allowed to march up and down the company area on our free time.

We learned to laugh and we found there were many things to laugh at. Remember the stand-by inspection? You ducked as a pair of boots flew by, you bit your tongue as a cubicle was torn apart, piece by piece, and a dazed candidate was left to ponder the bewildering, wreckage. You braced as two gleeful demons approached your home.

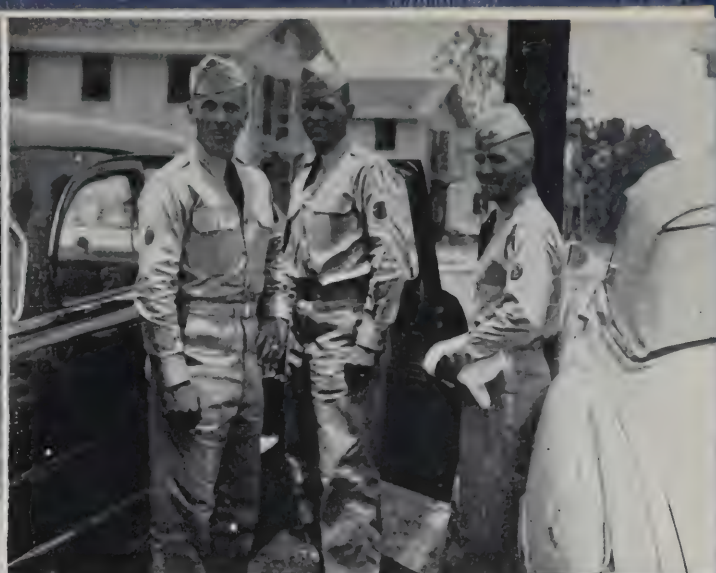
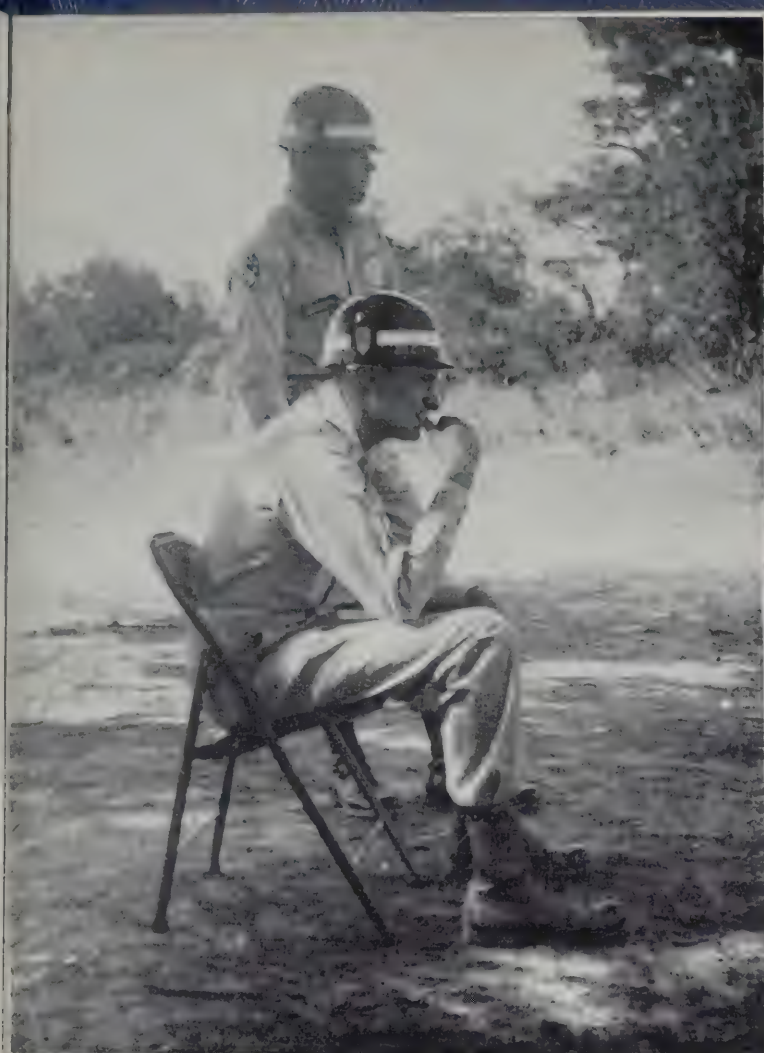
The days went by and turned into weeks. We listened with rapture to those immortal phrases—"You won't be able to do it, I know you can't do it, I KNEW YOU COULDN'T DO IT!!!" and we stepped off to the left as in marching, all together. Yes, we had our moments, hilarious moments between the serious business of becoming officers.

In the morning we had the hook nose radio show, during the day we listened to the German Comedians and at night the building shook as ten o'clock struck and there was a mad rush for a package from home.

The weeks went by and became months until the gold bars shone from the shoulders of men from the Second Platoon. When we are old and gray we will meet and re-live these days. By then our grandchildren will believe that our tactical officers were birds of prey, smoking pipes and spitting fire, that we slept on beds of nails and trained with antiquated weapons the M-2 Buffer and the A6 Shoeshine Rag.

Yes, we will remember it all but more than anything we will agree that for six months we have had the honor to serve with the finest men in the Army, we will remember our accomplishments, we will be proud.

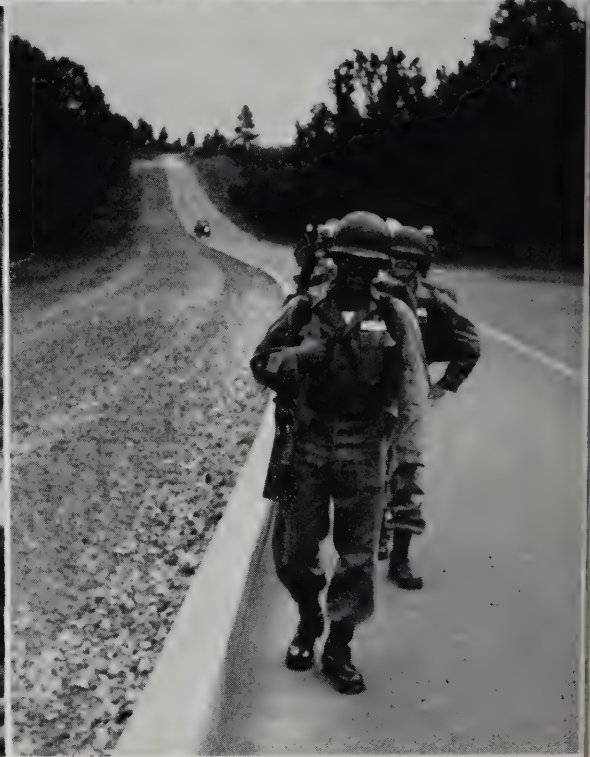






## THIRD PLATOON

Morgan  
 Morissette  
 Muhn  
 Murphy  
 Nickless  
 Nowicki  
 Osmer  
 Palmer  
 Peterson  
 Powell  
 Puckett  
 Ransbury  
 Richardson  
 Roberts  
 Robinson  
 Ross  
 Roylance  
 Ryan  
 Santini  
 Schmid  
 Schneider  
 Shaefer  
 Smith  
 Sneed  
 Story  
 Suchecki  
 Trombley  
 Vaccaro  
 Valentine  
 Valko  
 VanSickle  
 VerNooy  
 West  
 Wilson  
 Wood  
 Young



## THE THIRD PLATOON

Somehow, people were continually mistaking our good-natured enthusiasm for a route step attitude. For once and for all, we'd like to establish that the third platoon was not, has not and never will be a route step outfit. There!

We started the largest and on Graduation Day, here the fighting third is—still the largest. It is no surprise to us all to find that though we were all rugged individualists, we functioned as a close knit team.

There were many, many humorous incidents during our vivid twenty-four weeks. If we tried to men-







tion them all we'd fill a book of our own. You just don't forget things like wild animals in the barracks or bivouac parties or party skits.

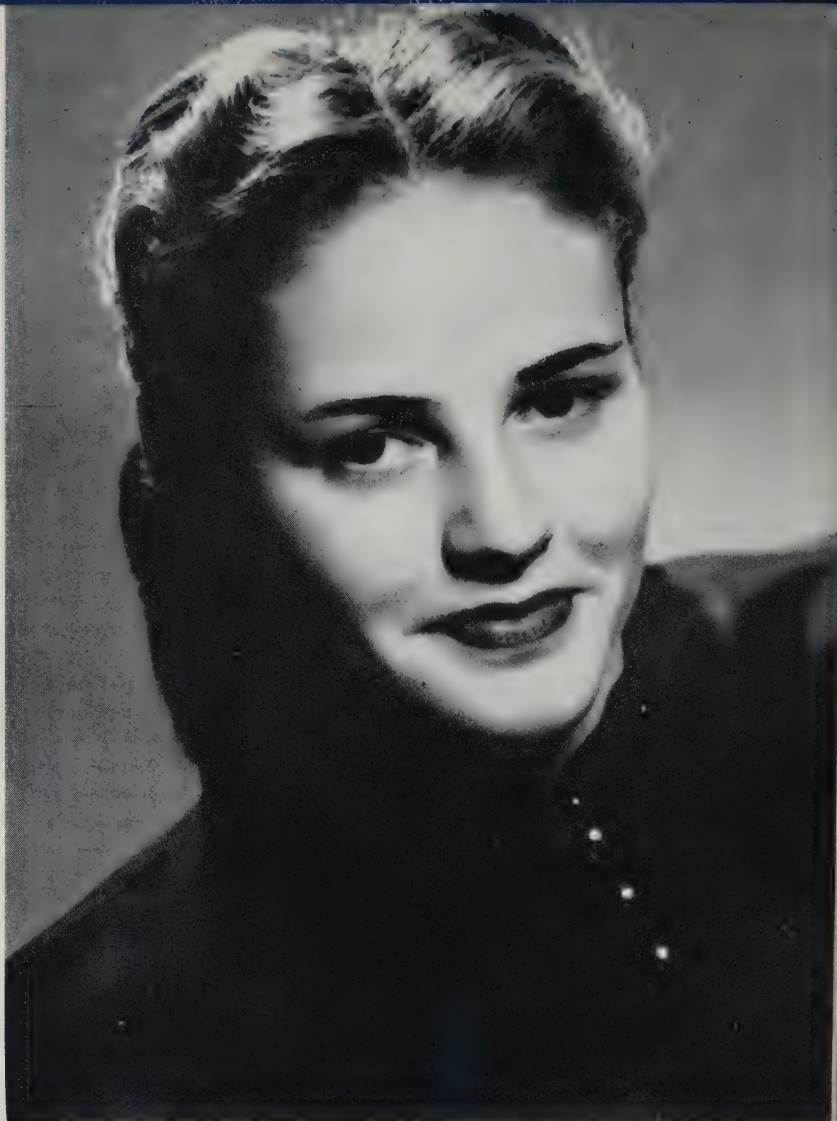
To Lt. Hennesy, Lt. Womack, and our lost friend Lt. Starcher, many thanks for aiding us in the difficult transition from the plebe to officer. Being a TO is not designed to make an officer the most popular man in the regiment. We realize this and respect and appreciate the job you've done.

Now, before you leave Fort Benning, take a good look around the barracks and at the men of the third platoon. There will never be another.





# Beauty



Walter Crawford Kelly, voted the nation's top cartoonist for 1952 and creator of POGO, was put on the spot by the 19th OC Classbook staff. We sent him a stock of photographs of the most beautiful girls the Candidates knew. It was a tough selection, but by using a method of selection known to few humans and practically no dogs at all, Walt finally selected Mrs. Charles A. Story as his first choice. We wish to thank Mr. Kelly for his interest in our book.





## TACTICAL DEPARTMENT

## THE INFANTRY SCHOOL

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

### ATTACK ON THE RETROGADE

**General Situation:** You are the company commander of Company A of the 85th Infantry. You are strongly entrenched on the Georgia side of the mighty Chattahoochee river. Your objective is hill # 69 located approximately 2.3784 miles to your front. At this time it is held by an aggressor division reinforced by the First Marine Air Wing. (Those Marines will do anything for publicity.) On your right flank is on ROTC unit from the University of Pennsylvania and on your left is a detachment of Campfire Girls. You are to jump off at 2130.

**Special Situations:**

1. A check of ammunition reveals you have three (3) clips of M-1 ball ammunition and one (1) magazine for carbine. Also 1,300 rounds of HE for the 90 mm. Tank Gun. Your company property book reveals, however, that you have no tank.
2. It is now 1930 hours and 93 degrees in the shade of the lone pine tree. The supply officer reports the supplies that you thought were rations are actually cold weather equipment and last month's dayroom magazines.
3. Loretta called, she found out about your wife.
4. The First Platoon Leader submits a negative report on the regimental search for Coolidge buttons.
5. You have 43 men signed out for the laundry, P. X., barber shop and Victory Lodge.
6. The Third Platoon requests fireworks for the Fourth of July. (It is now the 8th of October.)
7. Your wife called, she found about Loretta.
8. The Second Platoon deserted to play in a revival of the Keystone Cop series.
9. You are informed there will be no supporting fire as the men are brewing moonshine in the mortars.
10. The ROTC unit has suffered a murderous defeat at the hands of an Aggressor force led by three Fort Benning newsboys. The Campfire Girls have pulled out to relieve them.
1. The Item George arrives and wants a full company inspection by 0001. It is 2129.
12. The enemy is advancing toward your position in a column of regiments.

**Requirement:** What are your orders and actions?



# THE OC'S GUIDE TO



## The Great Wounded Georgia Bear

This bear, a native of Georgia, is subject to numerous aches and pains; particularly afflicted with diffused vision. Extremely dangerous when angered. Obviously, someone neglected to read the sign, "Do Not Feed the Bears."

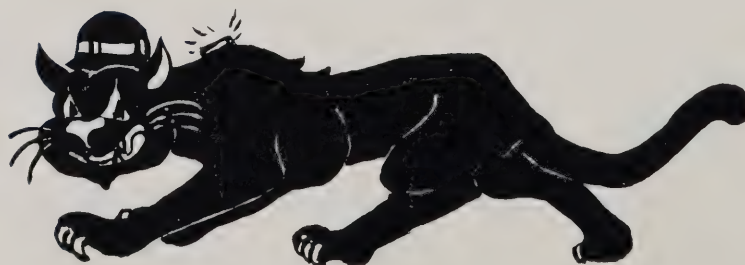


## The Pennsylvania Social Fox

This specie is believed to be a direct descendant of the well-known Phenix City Wolf. Thrives on confusion and clipboard-throwing. Sometimes gesticulates in a rather confused fashion. Native of the Ivy League.

## The Black Island Panther

Imported from Hawaii, this animal is capable of rust detection under positively any conditions. Noted for lethal striking power, frequently resulting in two and six. Does not hesitate to attack large groups.





# GEORGIA WILDLIFE



**The Ohio Screaming Hawk**

A bird of prey extremely carnivorous and completely unpredictable. Easily driven into complete frenzy. Usually emits sharp, piercing cries before striking. Not particularly good for hunting as it has a tendency to devour captive on the spot.



**The Gung Ho Mastiff**

Diligent and tough, this dog would prefer to do things as done in the Corps (K-9). Actually has considerable hidden talent and is much better than the usual Navy watchdog. Adjusts to almost all climatic conditions but is generally known to prefer California.



**The Loud Bark Carolina St. Bernard**

Georgia is best suited to this noble blue-blooded beast. An extremely good natured brute, he is prone to long periods of inactivity. Best suited for Country Club or Swimming Pool companion.



**The OR Bearing Oklahoma Stork**

Generally considered to be a very wise bird, the Plain States variety is capable of delivering almost anything. Frequently changes occupations but is most diligent in all. Noted for dislike of water.



## THE OLD PANIC BUTTON

Ay, put your can of wax away,  
Well has it done its job,  
For many a hand and rag has reached  
Into the good and gob.  
No matter now the case or can,  
For now we know the score,  
We leave the helmet liners black—  
To HELL with that damn floor.  
The locker now is empty,  
The buffers all are sold.  
Gone are the tabs of blue, my friend  
Replaced by bars of gold.  
No scurry for the buffer pads,  
No hunt for broom or mop.  
The day is here, at last, my friend . . .  
The panic is to stop.

D. Crawford

